

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

AUGUST, 1927

NO. 8



HISTORIC OLD MANSION

The old Gamble Mansion at Ellenton, Fla., the last refuge of Hon. Judah P. Benjamin in making his escape from this country just after the close of the War between the States, has been handsomely restored through a special appropriation of \$10,000 by the State of Florida, and will be held as a place of historic interest in that State. The Confederate organizations of the State were instrumental in securing its restoration, and it is used for their special meetings. The old furniture is to be replaced through the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy as fast as it can be located.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
 2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
 3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
 4. Financial Prospectus.
- All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.
Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Scarcer and more scarce become the works on Confederate history written by those who had a part in making it. What is written hereafter will be by those whose viewpoint comes from reading what has been written by the participants. Much of this material is now available only through libraries in large centers, and it is important that it be accessible everywhere. Every U. D. C. Chapter should have a library for the use of members in the historical work of the organization; every school should have its library of Southern history, and every home should have its collection of these books. Delay in collecting them means a loss in every way.

From time to time the VETERAN is able to offer books that are difficult to procure now, and it is only occasionally that more than one copy can be offered. Two or more copies are available in some books of the following list, but it is well to make second and third choice in giving your order:

- Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson. Nice sets, cloth. Two volumes.....\$7 00
- Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two volumes..... 8 00
- Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones..... 4 00
- Lee and His Generals. By William Parker Snow. Illustrated..... 5 00
- Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke. Illustrated..... 6 00
- Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes. Illustrated..... 7 00
- Recollections of a Naval Life (including service with the Sumter and Alabama). By John McIntosh Kell..... 3 50
- Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign. By John S. Mosby..... 4 00
- Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson..... 4 00
- Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By Col. William Preston Johnston..... 5 00
- Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards (very scarce)..... 5 00
- Four Years in the Saddle. By Col. Harry Gilmor..... 3 00
- Poems of Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition..... 2 50
- Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry). Edited by Gen. R. E. Lee, 1867. 6 00
- Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

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MY GARDEN.

BY CHARLES BLEVINS DAVIS

Just enough sun,
Just enough shade,
To make a pattern rare
Of light and shadow
On the walks
Around the garden fair.
Marigolds,
Zinnias too,
Bloom in radiant mass;
Dainty phlox
And golden-glow,
Blend with pampas grass.
Sparkling fount
'Mid rugged ferns—
A thing of joy to see;
Shasta daisies,
Fragrant mint,
A buzzing honey-bee.
Just enough sun,
Just enough shade,
Attractive as can be,
To passers-by
A beauty spot—
But paradise to me!

Judge D. Dorward, of Gail, Tex., writes in the interest of Mrs. F. A. Howerth, now eighty-five years old and in need of a pension. Her husband, Frank A. Howerth, went into the war from Franklin County, Tex., and served in Mississippi; she does not know the command with which he served and will appreciate hearing from any comrades or friends who can give that information.

Miss Sallie W. Cocke, 547 Campbell Avenue, N. W., Roanoke, Va., would like to hear from anyone who remembers her father, Isaac Newton Cocke, who served in Lerty's Horse Artillery, Johnston's Battalion (or Lerty's Battery), probably while encamped near Dublin, Va. He was a nephew of Dr. Charles L. Cocke, founder of Hollins Institute, and possibly enlisted from that section, as he attended that co-educational school. He was slightly wounded in the leg or knee, from which he was afterwards paralyzed. His widow is in need of a pension.

Confederate Veteran

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1927.

No. 8.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla. *Chaplain General*

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GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, Elmore, Ala. *Army of Tennessee*
GEN. R. A. MILLER, Abilene, Tex. *Trans-Mississippi*

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FLORIDA—Tallahassee. Gen. T. J. Appleyard
GEORGIA—Atlanta. Gen. D. B. Freeman
KENTUCKY—Richmond. Gen. N. B. Deatherage
LOUISIANA—Coushatta. Gen. L. W. Stephens
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TENNESSEE—Nashville. Gen. John P. Hickman
TEXAS—Dallas. R. C. Cornwall
VIRGINIA—Petersburg. Gen. Homer Atkinson
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. Gen. Thomas H. Dennis
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. Gen. S. S. Simmons

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER, Charleston, S. C. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, Waco, Tex. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

STATE REUNION.

The annual session of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., is to be held at Vicksburg during the fall, a most historic place for such a gathering.

FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

To the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy, and Friends: I want to mention only one thing in this issue, and that is the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. This publication is vital to our existence as an organization, and I have a suggestion to make to the present subscribers, that each of them secure two or more subscribers at the earliest opportunity. The circulation should be increased one hundred per cent in the next thirty days. I am sending my check for two new subscriptions, and we want to see in the September number a report as to the result of this request.

Let's go!

Fraternally, J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

STAFF APPOINTMENTS, U. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
June 23, 1927.

The following staff appointments, made by Gen. J. C. Foster, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., have been accepted.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Maj.-Gen. Harry Rene Lee, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Nashville, Tenn.

W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General, in charge of New Orleans General Headquarters, 7219 Freret Street, New Orleans, La.

Jessica Randolph Smith, Color Bearer, Washington, D. C.

Assistant Adjutants General.

Brig. Gen. H. L. Bentley, Abilene, Tex.
Brig. Gen. R. E. Bullington, Memphis, Tenn.
Brig. Gen. E. S. Fagg, Cambria, Va.
Brig. Gen. Jack Hale, Blanchard, Okla.
Brig. Gen. Charles B. Howry, Washington, D. C.
Brig. Gen. W. S. Jones, Houston, Tex.
Brig. Gen. F. H. May, Birmingham, Ala.
Brig. Gen. J. S. Millikin, Millikin, La.
Brig. Gen. William E. Muse, Glen Rose, Tex.

Confederate Veteran.

Brig. Gen. George W. Ragan, Gastonia, N. C.
 Brig. Gen. Edwin Selva, New York City, N. Y.
 Brig. Gen. Charles M. Steadman, Greensboro, N. C.
 Brig. Gen. Albert Thornton, Tampa, Fla.
 Brig. Gen. T. D. Turner, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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Assistant Inspectors General.

Col. Frank Brame, Greenville, Tex.
 Col. J. M. Hartsfield, Fort Worth, Tex.
 Col. J. F. Howell, Bristol, Va.
 Col. Alexander McBee, Greenville, S. C.
 Col. Thad M. Moseley, West Point, Miss.
 Col. George W. Sirrine, Greenville, S. C.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. C. A. DeSaussure, Quartermaster General, Memphis, Tenn.

Assistant Quartermasters General.

Col. Henry Clay Fones, Houston, Tex.
 Col. L. F. Harris, Houston, Tex.
 Col. Robert A. Hemphill, Atlanta, Ga.
 Col. H. C. Luckett, Baton Rouge, La.
 Col. W. E. McAllister, Atlanta, Ga.
 Col. E. Rotan, Waco, Tex.

PAYMASTER GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. C. C. Harvey, Paymaster General, St. Louis, Mo.

Assistant Paymasters General.

Col. R. M. Guinn, Houston, Tex.
 Col. W. C. Heath, Monroe, N. C.

CHIEF OF ARTILLERY.

Brig. Gen. Charles P. Jones, New Orleans, La.

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. J. M. Troutt, Chief of Ordnance, Jackson, Tenn.

Assistant Chiefs of Ordnance.

Col. D. M. Armstrong, Roanoke, Va.
 Col. C. D. Dowd, Charlotte, N. C.
 Col. D. B. Gardner, Paducah, Tex.
 Col. C. V. Glenn, Austin, Tex.
 Col. W. W. Hunt, Shreveport, La.
 Col. J. J. Pressley, Bryan, Tex.
 Col. Cary R. Warren, Portsmouth, Va.

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Brig. Gen. W. O. Hart, Commissary General, New Orleans, La.

Assistant Commissary Generals.

Col. W. H. McNiell, Denton, Tex.
 Col. Thomas Montgomery, Floydada, Tex.
 Col. E. T. Roux, Sr., Plant City, Fla.
 Col. L. R. A. Wallace, Ozark, Ark.

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Assistant Surgeons General.

Col. L. H. Gardner, Shawsville, Va.
 Col. M. W. Jewett, Ivanhoe, Va.

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Assistant Judge Advocates General.

Col. W. M. Atkinson, Gonzales, Tex.
 Col. Alexander Currie, Hattiesburg, Miss.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Brig. Gen. W. D. Matthews, Chaplain General, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Assistant Chaplains General.

Col. W. L. Galloway, Darlington, S. C.
 Col. S. S. Key, Dardanelle, Ark.
 Col. T. C. Little, Fayetteville, Tenn.
 Col. Emmett W. McCorkle, Rockbridge Baths, Va.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY.

Commodore T. P. Johnson, Salisbury, N. C.

CHIEF MUSICIAN.

Col. James E. King, Wortham, Tex.

PERSONAL STAFF.

Brig. Gen. Felix Best, Personal Aide to the Commander in Chief, Birmingham, Ala.

Col. J. R. Mehen, Chief of Aides, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Aides de Camp.

Col. S. Brown Allen, Staunton, Va.
 Col. A. B. Foster, Houston, Tex.
 Col. M. E. Foster, Houston, Tex.
 Col. C. F. Harvey, Kinston, N. C.
 Col. H. D. Lipscomb, Grapevine, Tex.
 Col. R. C. Norfleet, Winston-Salem, N. C.
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 Col. Edward C. Wilson, Electra, Va.
 Col. Norman H. Beard, Houston, Tex.
 Col. Chester H. Bryan, Houston, Tex.
 Col. Joe J. Fox, Houston, Tex.
 Col. J. A. Harral, New Orleans, La.
 Col. Gus Hoover, Waco, Tex.
 Col. J. W. Scott, Houston, Tex.
 Col. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Others were appointed but have not signified their acceptance. Additional names will be published later, when heard from.

STATE REUNIONS.—A patron suggests that the VETERAN should carry the announcement of the dates of annual reunions in the State Divisions, U. C. V., and also accounts of these reunions afterwards. The VETERAN is always glad to make these announcements and will appreciate being informed several months beforehand in order to give them in good time. Reports of these reunions are also appreciated, and especially of anything out of the ordinary in their exercises and attendance.

WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY.

Who loves his country will not rest
Content with vow and pledge alone,
But flies her banner in his breast
And counts her destiny his own—
Not only when the bugle plays
Stands forth to give his life for her,
But on the field of common days
Is strong to live his life for her,
He is not satisfied to claim
As heritage, her power and fame,
But striving, gains the right to wear
The shining honor of her name.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

"THE RECORD THAT HE MADE."

It is the boast of the VETERAN that the men who made up the armies of the Confederacy have never been surpassed as soldiers in time of war nor as citizens in time of peace, and to prove it, here is a fine example.

When William J. Bohon, of Kentucky, "Billy" Bohon, as he is intimately known, retired from active business in 1926, he had made a record as a "traveling man" which is rarely attained. For sixty consecutive years he traveled the same territory, for over thirty years for the same firm, and in the same line of business. As representative for the Mendel Hat Company, of Cincinnati, his customers in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama looked forward to the regular visits of the genial salesman, who made the golden rule his example in his dealings with his fellow man. Not a customer was lost



W. J. BOHON.

through any fault of his, and he retired with the consciousness of having treated others as he would have them treat him, and his customers were a host of friends.

Just as faithful was he in the days of the sixties when he followed the fortunes of the Confederacy. As a boy of nine-

8*

teen, he joined the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, first commanded by Gen. Humphrey Marshall, and afterwards by the famous John H. Morgan. He was captured and held a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill., from June, 1864, to March, 1865. In that prison he helped to organize the secret society known as the "7 C. K."—the "Seven Confederate Knights"—the object of which was to separate the faithful Confederates from those who might be affected by the tempting offers to take the oath. The Knights had their grips, signs, password, and badge, the latter made of bone or shell, a star with seven points, and in each point was a letter of their motto, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*;" and a shield was in the center of the star on which were emblematic letters, "C 7 K." The late Maj. B. H. Hord, of Nashville, was one of his associates in this organization.

This organization was formed into companies under officers, and at one time contemplated storming the parapets with stones and sticks, kitchen knives, etc., overpowering the guards, so as to effect an escape; but notwithstanding the great secrecy observed in selecting men to join the organization, and the purposes of the organization, the Federals were apprized of the contemplated movement, so the guards were doubled and other precautions taken.

However, exchange came at last for the weary prisoner, and young Bohon reached Richmond, Va., just thirty days before General Lee surrendered. From there he made his way back to his command and surrendered with it at Mount Sterling, Ky., about May 9, 1865.

"Billy" Bohon is a native Kentuckian, born at Monticello in Wayne County, in 1842, so he is now a young man of eighty-five. He will never be old. The spirit which carried him through those four years of war, then through the more than sixty years of earnest effort to do his part as a constructive citizen of his beloved South, will be with him always. Harrodsburg, Ky., was his home for many years, then Gadsden, Ala., since 1910 nearly to the time of his retirement. He still has to do some traveling to visit his children in different States, enjoying their companionship in the leisure which he has so truly earned, and the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. B. Johnson, in Birmingham, is "headquarters."

W. J. Bohon is one of Kentucky's oldest living Masons and has been a life member for over a quarter of a century of Falls City Lodge, F. and A. M., King Solomon Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, and De Molay Commandery, Knights Templar, all of Louisville.

May this comrade and friend be spared many more years in the love and devotion of his children and friends!

SALT FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

That very necessary commodity to man's existence, salt, became a very scarce article during the existence of the Confederate government, and many expedients were resorted to in the effort to procure a supply. Recently, W. D. Craig, eighty-one-year-old veteran of Chesterfield County, S. C., made a visit to Myrtle Beach, on the eastern coast, and he told of having been there sixty-three years before to get salt, of which there was a dearth in Chesterfield County. While engaged in loading up the salt tubs, down at Singleton's Swash, a part of the Myrtle Beach Estates, a Union vessel sent a shell or two in their direction, and one of the large salt tubs was punctured. It is said to be still buried there in the sand.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

THE MEN WHO LIVED FOR DIXIE.

The recent death of George M. Bailey, editor of the *Houston Post*, internationally known for his ability in that field, brings to mind his incomparable tribute to Dixie and her people. Though born in the North, Mr. Bailey's life had been largely spent in this Southern country, and he had become one of us, a Dixie lover. In tribute to him, the VETERAN reprints his tribute to Dixie:

"IS THERE STILL A DIXIE?"

"'Is there still a Dixie?' asks *Life*, in its Dixie Number. Yes, there still is a Dixie. A Dixie in the hearts of some of the older ones, and in that realm of the spirit fancy may summon visions of the most beautiful of scenes, the loveliest of faces, and days of cloudless blue! Dixie, the East to which those who stand on the rim of the fading day turn in devotion, while the shadows creep! Dixie, the Glory Land of the Past. the golden bourne of memory's silent rambles, the hallowed Solitude in whose cool depths the lost chords of life breathe again their music into the soul! Dixie, Love's Shadowland, peopled with the unfettered spirits of the noble and the great; redolent of memories that do not die because they cluster about things immortal; templed with the dream fabrics of a nation that drew from out God's boundless deep and, after four years of glory, turned again Home! Dixie, the Beautiful and Glorious, the sweetest chapter of History, the noblest Epic of the ages, the Light of yesteryear whose effulgence gilds the crest of Time's swift onward tide! Dixie, the stainless Mother of the Nation, the indestructible Kingdom of the Twilight—Dixie, the incomparable South of our dreams!

"Yes, there is still a Dixie, and shall be until Time shall be no more! The poets and the orators have told us in song and story, times without number, how those who died for Dixie cast glory on pages of Southern history as fadeless as the light eternal, but rarely any tribute is paid to 'the men who lived for Dixie.' The following gem from the pen of one of the sweet singers of our Southland, Mrs. Mary Hunt Affleck, does justice to 'The Men Who Lived for Dixie:'

"O, many died for Dixie,
That time so far away,
Baptized in blood and sorrow,
And wearing jackets gray.
But some have lived for Dixie
Throughout her woe and tears,
And laid bright deeds of glory
On all her peaceful years.

A record fair for Dixie,
They bore through good and ill,
And keep it white and stainless
Far down life's sloping hill.
'Twas grand to die for Dixie,
Within the battle flame,
But brave to live and love her
As those men have who came

Our messengers from Dixie,
To tell of war's surcease—

The brave among the bravest
Who rode through ways of peace!
O, veterans of Dixie,
We honor you to-day.
The soldier boys of years ago,
Our grand old men in gray!"

"Southern heroes built a pyramid of history that coming ages can never demolish. Constructed of great deeds, by mighty men, it stands upon the desert of time a monument of enduring glory. In those sacred crypts our kings of valor are embalmed; and there the queen of nations, our beloved Confederacy, will slumber through the centuries.

"We washed her heart in palm wine of our tears,
And in her empty body gently spread
Sweet memories, the fragrant incense shed
From myrrh and spices of her holy years."

BARBARA FRITCHIE BOBS UP AGAIN.

In a short communication to the *Baltimore Sun*, Miss Sallie Washington Maupin, editor for the Maryland Division, U. D. C., takes up that historic myth in a humorous way, saying:

"The annual resuscitation of the Barbara Fritchie myth seems as fixed as the planets in their courses. Historical data, the dictum of savants, family refutation of the incident to the contrary all seem powerless to controvert the license of an Abolitionist poet. Truth is sometimes so slow to prevail that it may be feared, in some cases, it lies *perdu* in some maze of the fourth dimension. Apropos to the recent dedication ceremonies of the home of Whittier's heroine are these lines:

"When over the mountains riding down,
Horse and foot into Fredericktown,
The Rebs marched over the mountain wall
With their usual clatter and usual gall,
Barbara Fritchie bedridden lay,
And knew no odds 'twixt Blue and Gray.
Whittier says not, but he did not know
(At least the *Century* war papers show),
Though forty flags with their silver stars
And forty flags with their crimson bars
Flapped all morning and then came down,
When the hungry rebels came to town,
Barbara Fritchie didn't mind,
She could not see 'em, being blind;
And heroes in Blue and the same in Gray
Love to tell of the awful day
When, hearing the conquering rebel tread,
Barbara Fritchie stayed in bed."

UNTRUTHS PERPETUATED BY THE PRESS.

It is encouraging to find that patrons of the VETERAN are alert to call attention to historical untruths which are still being promulgated through the daily and weekly press. The use of patent insides by many country newspapers in the South, these being furnished by Northern concerns, is responsible for much of this dissemination of historical untruth, and it is well for our people to scan these columns carefully and then bring to the attention of the editors anything they know to be untrue. The recent reference to the last survivor of the Federal soldiers who captured President Davis also

carried the statement that "Davis was attired as a woman when captured." It is gratifying to say that the editors of two papers had this called to their attention. R. D. Galbraith, of Spartanburg, S. C., writes that he called on the editor in reference to this mistake, and was told that the editor did not know of this until he saw the item in his own paper, and that it would be corrected in the next issue. But editors should know what is appearing in their papers and be responsible therefor. The VETERAN had a similar response from the editor of another paper.

MARYLAND AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

BY H. F. POWELL, BALTIMORE, MD.

The July issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is an unusually interesting and valuable one. One notes with interest the publication of the letter from Admiral Semmes to his brother in Maryland and another installment of the articles by Richard D. Stuart. One also notes with pleasure the presentation by Mr. Cornelius B. Hite of the apparently forced effort of the editor of the *National Geographic Magazine* to keep the Barbara Fritchie myth alive.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Hite is in error when he touches upon Maryland history, particularly when he states that "Charles Carroll, to induce non-Catholics to settle in his sparsely occupied province, *tolerated* a qualified 'freedom of conscience' act of his legislature. . . . This act of Charles Carroll was rather that of a practical man of business who was trying to make the most of a bad situation, surrounded as he was by a political atmosphere of free and independent colonies."

As a matter of fact, Charles Carroll was not the Proprietary of Maryland, so that at no time could it be said that Maryland was "his province;" and he was not living at the time of the "Act Concerning Religion" of 1649, to which Mr. Hite evidently refers.

As a matter of fact, Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic (who, like the Anglican, Edwin Sandys, the principal founder of Virginia, was in advance of his official Church), promoted religious toleration in Maryland for the first time in our history. *There were no proscriptions put upon men of any faith, or for any lack of faith, during the first fifteen years of the colony*, and the writer defies anyone to find any record of any persecution during the period of Lord Baltimore's control.

In 1649, however, there was an irruption into the province by Puritans from Virginia; and the splendid group of Catholics and Protestants who had united in promoting toleration and absolute freedom of conscience in Maryland were *compelled to compromise* with these intolerant newcomers. Thereupon, those who denied the divinity of Christ were subject to execution, with the confiscation of their property. Ten years later, Lord Baltimore regained control of his province and religious freedom was restored.

To Lord Baltimore and his Catholic and Protestant associates unquestionably belongs the credit of establishing the first religious toleration together with the first official separation of the Church and State. To deny this is to perpetuate one of the many errors current in much American historical writing, which gives to Roger Williams, who in Rhode Island began a large measure of religious freedom two years subsequently to the establishment of Maryland the claim to a distinction belonging to Lord Baltimore and his associates. Especially is the Rhode Island claim to full freedom invalidated when it is seen that Roger Williams's policy called for proscriptions of a racial and religious character. He did not

establish the full measure of religious freedom practiced in the Province of Maryland.

Again, it is utterly misleading to say that the Province of Maryland "*was surrounded by* a political atmosphere of free and independent colonies." Maryland was as "free and independent" as any English colony on the Atlantic seaboard. It was not "surrounded" by such colonies, but was *one of them*. Finally, as a minor error, it may be noted that the justly famous name of George Rogers Clark (e) is spelled without the "e."

THE LAST TIME I SAW GENERAL LEE.

CONTRIBUTED BY ROY BIRD COOK, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

The following, presumably unpublished, little human interest story concerning a great American soldier is attributed to Brig. Gen. Birkett D. Fry, C. S. A. The author was born in Virginia, June 24, 1822, and died at Richmond, February 5, 1891. During the Mexican War he saw distinguished service in the 1st Infantry, and, according to Gen. Dabney H. Maury (*Richmond Times*, January 23, 1898), in conjunction with Lieut. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson served as a second in a duel between a Lee of Virginia and another officer from Philadelphia. Fortunately, neither was killed. On May 24, 1864, he was appointed brigadier general from Alabama. The manuscript, cracked and yellow with age, comprises two small letter pages in fine handwriting, and was found in a book presented to Douglas R. Roller, D.D., of Charleston, W. Va., by Dr. F. T. Fry, a brother of General Fry, and is now in the possession of Roy Bird Cook. This is the story:

"On the third day of June, 1864, the Federal army, under General Grant, made an advance upon the Confederate force which, under General Lee, was covering the city of Richmond. The result was the sanguinary battle known as Second Cold Harbor, in which the Northern troops were repulsed with terrible slaughter.

"My command, consisting of ten regiments of infantry and amounting in the aggregate to about 3,000 men, formed during the action the extreme left of our line of battle. On the following day I was ordered to move toward the right; and, while riding at the head of my column along a by-road, I observed a group of officers under a spreading oak which stood near the road. Some of them I recognized as belonging to the staff of the great commander, and when nearer I saw General Lee lying on the grass with his head resting on a saddle over which a cloth had been thrown. He was evidently sleeping soundly, and lay upon his back with one arm across his breast and the other extended by his side. The attitude was exactly that shown in Valentine's statue. Turning to my staff, I remarked: 'There is General Lee asleep.'

"My men were moving at route step, and, as was usual on a march, were laughing, talking, singing, or whistling; but those at the head of the column at once passed the word back: 'Hush, boys, don't make a noise. There is Marse Robert asleep under that tree.'

"Instantly there was perfect silence, and the long line of bronzed, bearded, and battle-begrimed veterans passed quietly by, each one turning to look at the beloved commander, in whom all felt such unbounded confidence.

"During the whole war I saw no more striking manifestation of the affection felt by the Confederate soldiers for their great leader. Soon after this incident I was ordered to another part of the country and never saw him again.

"The work of our talented Virginia sculptor probably impresses me more forcibly than it does most persons from the fact that the attitude of calm repose is that in which I last saw General Lee."

THE PEACEMAKERS OF 1864.*

REVIEWED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

In the past few months several volumes of historical import have broken away from the perpetuation of prejudices and preconceptions, together with the emotional befuddlement that has obscured the underlying basis of sectional strife, which was founded primarily not on a "moral" cause, but on other considerations that were political, economic, social, geographical, and, even in some degree, temperamental.

Such a contribution is the happily brief, yet singularly comprehensive, volume now under discussion. Despite birth and long association with the peculiar provincialism of New England, Dr. Kirkland is sane and even liberal with that patriotically belabored group of Northern conciliators, hitherto incontinently thrown into the general category of "Copperheads." As such, they have, for two generations, been collectively scorned and spat upon as so many reincarnations of Judas Iscariot. Dr. Kirkland actually examines this historical collection of traitors who have been treated as so much garbage by writers as *apparently* calm as McMasters or by impulsive *generalists* such as the redoubtable Colonel Roosevelt.

Dr. Kirkland's analysis shows very properly that the so-called "Copperheads" may be divided into classifications: Those who were distinctly disloyal, with axes to grind; and those who were at least respectable or even patriotic; that the latter were striving to serve their country, partly because they trembled for the future of a republic preserved, as they thought, in theory, but likely to become a centralized despotism in practice. For was not the Federal Constitution and all civil procedure servilely prostrated to military domination? and, under a system of spies and agents provocateurs, was not liberty and individual rights set aside as things of no consequence? If, to-day, this seems a figment of a lively imagination, it is but necessary to read the records of the exercise of arbitrary and irresponsible power, or the private comments of European observers at Washington, who believed that the knell of representative democracy had been sounded in America as well as in Europe.

Not that Dr. Kirkland brings this out so strongly as here indicated; but at least he shows an appreciation of the purposes or the good intentions, to say nothing of the reasonable basis, for the (suppressed) actions of those who sought sectional conciliation by discussion lest, with victory revealed, liberty itself should be lost.

Dr. Kirkland has penetrated into the long-haunted ground of things patriotically taboo; and, in doing so, he shows the true historical spirit of an open-minded investigator. One is amazed and delighted at his grasp, the evidences of extensive research, and, what's better than all, the insight and discrimination of his deductions; for it is in the last-named sphere of thought that so many otherwise worthy workers lamentably fail.

Dr. Kirkland's volume shows that the field of research in matters pertaining to the War of Secession has never been satisfactorily covered. Although a hundred historians might have avoided error had Dr. Kirkland's work been before them, the failure of this brilliant new writer to discover the most significant "peace mover" of them all shows that much may yet be written. In brief, this conciliator was the only individual of exceptional civil and political prominence who openly denounced the Mussolini-like procedure of the Federal authorities, reported his opposition to President Lincoln,

and yet escaped arrest, exile, and imprisonment. He was the only man to possess the confidence of Lincoln, on the one side, and Davis and the Southerners on the other. He it was, also, who at the last was aiding Lincoln to shape his policy for the restoration of civil rights to the seceded States as against the proposed procedure of the Robespierres, Dantons, and Marats of the Radical American Left, who sought the death and confiscation of "Rebel" persons and property. This man carried the first messages between Grant and Lee, and he was the last to confer with Lincoln a few moments before the latter's assassination. Still extant is the pass prepared for this individual to go to Richmond, the last official document of the Federal President. Much more could be said, but this man, when mentioned in history at all, is mentioned incidentally, or almost by accident; and this now unknown pacificator may prove to be the figure most concerned with arranging the famous Hampton Roads Conference, of which Dr. Kirkland has given us perhaps the best and clearest account ever written.

It is generally admitted by historians that, with regard to policies and motives, the truth about the Revolutionary War is just being written. So Dr. Kirkland's volume is a revelation which must lead to the writing of the truth about the second great clash between segments of the English-speaking peoples.

Dr. Kirkland has fallen into error at times, due, no doubt, to his secondary sources; but the virtues of his work tremendously outpoint the failures, which are, in comparison, merely minor. Here is a man capable of seeking the truth hidden away under the thickest political and "patriotic" disguises.

One would fain go back over the volume and, by way of illustration, quote some of the more significant passages; but, alas! neither publisher nor author has provided an adequate index. If only the reviewers and the public would insist upon better references and cross references! Why should the larger volumes only have references by topics or subjects?

NULLIFICATION.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

The relation of the several States to the "Union" of "The United States" has ever been a subject of interest. In 1774 the colonies began to coöperate. In 1776 the delegates, being so authorized, joined in a declaration that they would separate from the mother country, and declared each State to be free and independent. At length the mother country agreed that North Carolina, Massachusetts, etc., naming each colony, was a separate, "free, sovereign, and independent" State.

The Revolutionary War was fought under a "Congress of Delegates" until 1781, when, Maryland having agreed to a confederation proposed in 1776, the "Confederation" became effective, and Congress became a "Congress of States." That continued until 1788, when a new Constitution was adopted by eleven States, and it went into operation between these States, not over them, but "between them." North Carolina was not one of them. A President and Senators and Representatives were elected and the old confederacy gave place to the new Union. That Constitution and the laws made in pursuance of it were to be the supreme law. However, the sovereignty of each State was constantly asserted, particularly in 1798. In 1833, Calhoun held that if Congress made a law that was not in pursuance of the Constitution each State had a right to ignore that law. That was called nullification. It did not annul the Constitution, but, upholding the Constitution, a State could declare that a law outside of it

*"The Peacemakers of 1864." By Edward Chase Kirkland. The Macmillan Company. 279 pages.

and contravening the Constitution, was a nullity. However, the better opinion seemed to be that the Supreme Court could decide on whether an act of Congress was constitutional or not; and a State had no right to annul a law of Congress. But although the Calhoun doctrine was known as "nullification," it proposed to maintain the Constitution and extended only to annulling an act of Congress. Later came a nullification of the Constitution itself.

Different from the Calhoun doctrine, there developed at the North another kind of nullification, a movement to nullify the Constitution itself. This last was based on an alleged higher law, a law higher than the Constitution. It was declared after this fashion: "There is a law of God, written on the heart, that cannot be altered or revoked. When the laws of Massachusetts or the laws of the Union conflict with the laws of God, I would keep God's law in preference, though the heavens should fall. Every bone of my body and every drop of blood in my veins swears to me that I am amenable to, and must obey, the laws of God." Such was the higher law, the individual feeling or sentiment in regard to a subject of legislation.

There is a clause of the Constitution, in section 2, article 4: "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping unto another State, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It was said in a judicial decision in a United States Circuit Court, very many years ago, that that clause constituted a fundamental article without the adoption of which the Union could not have been formed. (Baldwin's C. C. R., page 677.) It was agreed to by all the States. That, indeed, was one of the terms on which the Union was formed. While all the States should have made provision for the observance of this duty under the Constitution, Congress, itself, at once, in 1793, passed a "Fugitive Slave Law." Fifty years later the States of Vermont and Massachusetts passed laws known as Personal Liberty Bills, forbidding their citizens under severe penalties to assist in carrying out the law of Congress and the Constitution. Pennsylvania and other Northern States followed the example, and the law of Congress practically became a dead letter. So, in 1850, as one of the Compromise measures of that year, a new law was passed by Congress, making it the duty of the Federal courts and its officers to give effect to the law. Then the doctrine of the "higher law" played its part. At Farmington, Mass., on July 4, 1854, one of the chief apostles of the higher law, in the presence of a great concourse of sympathizers, after declaring the Constitution of the United States to be "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," first, in solemn form, burned a copy of the law of Congress, then a decision of United States Judge Loring in the Federal Court, then a charge to the grand jury made by Judge Curtis in the Federal Court, and, finally, reaching the climax of his dramatic proceeding, committed to the flames the Constitution of the United States, while a tremendous shout of "amen" went up from the great assemblage in ratification of the deed (Howe's Political History of Secession, page 77.) And now every Northern State except New Jersey, Illinois and, perhaps Indiana, passed laws virtually annulling the Constitution. Such was the temper of the majesties in those States. No longer was the Constitution a sacred instrument. Certainly there were many who did not affiliate with these extremists, but the current was strong, and year by year gathered volume and violence, like the floods of the Mississippi, disdaining the barriers that wise and prudent men had erected to control them. And it is

notable that when it was convenient for their purposes, these nullifiers sometimes sought to buttress themselves by proclaiming the doctrine of State Rights, of the sovereignty of each State.

In Wisconsin they hoisted aloft the banner of the celebrated resolutions of 1798. The General Assembly of Wisconsin, in 1860, adopted the following resolutions (Howe, page 237):

"Resolved, That the government formed by the Constitution of the United States was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress.

"Resolved, That the principle and construction contended for by the party which now rules in the councils of the nation, that the general government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, stop nothing short of despotism, since the discretion of those who administer the government, and not the Constitution, would be the measure of their power; that the several States that formed that instrument being unquestionably sovereign and independent, have the right to judge of its infraction; and that a positive defiance by these sovereignties of all unauthorized acts done or attempted to be done under color of that instrument is the rightful remedy."

It will be noted that most of the last resolution is almost a verbatim copy of the Kentucky resolution of 1799, substituting for "nullification" in the Kentucky resolution, the words "a positive defiance"; and that the resolutions fully embodied Calhoun's "compact" theory.

These resolutions were signed by the governor, thus uniting the judicial, the executive, and the legislative departments of Wisconsin in favor of nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law. Here, then, we have the legislature, the governor, the Supreme Court, and the people of Wisconsin committed to nullification as rank as anything of the kind ever advocated by Calhoun or the authorities of South Carolina.

At the North the Constitution was anything else than a sacred instrument, was binding on the Northern people only when it suited their purposes and was in accord with their inclinations. This spirit of the North in matters when the subject of slavery was involved led the Cotton States to declare that their rights were in peril; and they withdrew from the Union. Thereupon the United States Congress adopted a resolution to be submitted to all the States that "Congress should have no right to abolish slavery in the States." The adoption of that would have clarified the situation. Mr. Lincoln said he had no objection to that proposed amendment, but instead of allowing the States to act on it, he started a war that he had no constitutional right to do; and acknowledged that he had exceeded his powers, to that extent, as President, nullifying the Constitution! Mr. Lincoln in his message to Congress (page 24, Volume 6, Richardson) said: "These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity, trusting then, as now, that Congress would readily ratify them." Under an alleged "popular demand" he proceeded to ignore the Constitution and defeat the will of Congress. And, indeed, as to "the popular demand," Nicholay and Hay say (page 442, volume 3): "The conservative sentiment of the country protested loudly against everything but concessions. His own cabinet was divided in council. Public opinion was awry. Treason was applauded and patriotism was rebuked." Such was the alleged "popular

demand" which led Mr. Lincoln to trample on the Constitution and make war against the Southern States.

Not a constitutional lawyer, not being well read in the constitutional history of his country, at a time calling for the exercise of the highest wisdom and moderation, he proposed to settle matters by the sword rather than by peaceful measures; and so, ignoring the Constitution of the Union at the instance of the alleged "popular demand" described by his biographers, he took counsel of those who preached the higher law. Not a statesman, not a patriot, in the rôle of a common tyrant, he proposed to have his will.

While nullification of an act of Congress which is thought to be in contravention of the Constitution was one of Calhoun's ideas, nullification of the Constitution itself was a plant of Northern growth. The seeds were sown by the Northern agitators, the Constitution was proclaimed a league with hell, and it was virtually annulled by nearly every Northern State legislature! And President Lincoln was in coöperation with the nullifiers! It is well to say that the record of Senate proceedings in August, 1861, shows that the Senate did *not* pass the resolution legalizing his acts and measures as he desired.

THE NINTH OF JUNE, 1864.

(Address at Petersburg, Va., on the 9th day of June, 1927, by Hon. P. H. Drewry, in commemoration of the gallant defense of Petersburg on June 9, 1864.)

Memorial Day is celebrated throughout the country on May 30 in honor of the brave who died in the great conflict between the North and the South and in other wars. Petersburg, however, has adopted the 9th of June as a memorial to the Confederate soldier. This was not done in any contrary spirit, to be "different" from the remainder of the country, but with due regard to the anniversary of the most important day—to Petersburg—in all the days, of all the years. The 9th of June, 1864, was the day that Petersburg was saved by the shed blood of her own martyrs, men too old to fight and boys too young to know the meaning of battle. In honor of her own heroes who fell in battle, and through them in honor of all their brothers in arms of the Confederacy, Petersburg celebrates her Memorial Day on the 9th of June. It is a beautiful custom to set aside a day in grateful and honoring remembrance of sacrifices "even unto death" made by the soldiers of our country, testifying our love and remembrance by strewing flowers on their graves.

On many similar occasions the address made on this recurrent day has been directed to many things other than the details of the fight of the 9th of June: in most cases, the speakers have delivered treatises on the causes of secession and other kindred subjects, appropriate, of course, but not directly bearing upon the fight of the 9th of June. The soldiers of the Confederacy fought for a constitutional principle, the right of the individual States to secede from the Union. But I like to think that these "boys and old men" were not thinking of constitutional principles and abstract governmental questions or even the rights of their beloved State on that 9th of June. I like to think that they went to war because they loved their city, because their loved ones were in danger; because their homes were facing destruction. I like to think that as they stood in the shallow trenches, awaiting the attack, they looked back and saw the spires of the churches where they had knelt in humility before their God. I like to think that their thoughts reverted to the white-pillared homes in the quiet, shady streets where their loved ones waited in even greater suspense than theirs the outcome of their brave resistance. I

like to think that the older men thought of the happy days spent in those quiet homes with their families around them; and I like to think that the young boys remembered their mothers "at home," those mothers at whose knees they had only so recently lisped their baby prayers. Not for these the thoughts of statesmen declaring war to enforce their opinions on constitutional rights. These men of Petersburg were fighting for the greatest cause known to humanity—home and loved ones.

And, too, there have been addresses portraying the strategy of the War between the States, and the strategy of the siege of Petersburg, and its general results in the great conflict. But I would use the strategy of the siege as a framing of the picture of the 9th of June, and I could put in that setting the little intimate details of the people of Petersburg and how they conducted themselves on that fateful day. I would like to tell of how the citizens of Petersburg met the tide of war as it flowed up to their gates, and how they prepared for the battle, and how they fought it, and how the women and children back in town behaved themselves during the battle. Battle! It wasn't a battle, it wasn't even war as we now think of the terms; it was pure heroism. Yet, from such details when placed on canvas, necessarily in broad outlines of striking colors, we carry away in our minds a picture, not of militarism or military strategies, of warlike movements, but a mental picture of concept of heroism personified.

Petersburg, strange to say, had no foretaste of war prior to this time. It may have heard the guns of Malvern like far-off thunder, as the echoes came rolling up the Appomattox Valley; it might even have been deeply stirred by the news of Butler's approach and hastened to hide its silver; but these alarms had been signals of the times, nothing more. All its available man power had gone into the army. There were no shirkers, nor even "conscientious objectors," in Petersburg. Out of a white population of nine thousand men, women, and children, seventeen companies had been recruited—more men in Petersburg enlisted in the Confederate army than there were voters on its poll books. There were left in Petersburg, therefore, only men beyond the age of forty-five and boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. These were formed into what was called "second-class militia"—for home defense only. They were drilled in camp for two weeks and then allowed to go to their homes, but were required to drill for about two weeks more, subject to orders. This home defense comprised a force of about five hundred. They had no uniforms; they were attired in civilian garb, just as they dressed for their daily work. They had old, antiquated muskets, not rifles. Here was a gray-haired man, there a beardless boy. There were in the ranks of this so-called "second-class militia" (but never so called after the 9th of June) merchants, druggists, clerks, accountants, bankers, teachers, and schoolboys. None of them had ever had any experience in warfare. Most of them were peaceful, home-loving business men, leading inactive lives in their stores, not physically equipped for warlike activity. Probably none of them—the Home Defense—ever expected to be called upon to fire a shot. Wasn't General Lee in charge of the army, wouldn't that invincible force always be facing the enemy? How unreal seemed such a possibility as the fate of the city, yea, even the fate of the Confederacy, depending upon the resistance offered by the Reserves to an armed foe. And yet—that precise thing happened. The fate of the Confederacy hung that day in the balance while these old men and boys were fighting for home and country.

Lee and his army were protecting Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, from assault on the north. Grant,

defeated at Cold Harbor and foiled in his attack on Richmond on the north side of the James, decided to cross the river and attack from the south. He succeeded in withdrawing the major portion of his army and was on the south side of the river, while Lee thought that he was planning a further attack on Richmond. It was the first and only time, it is said, that General Lee was ever fooled by the strategy of the Northern generals. If Petersburg were captured, then Lee's lines of communication from the south would be cut and reinforcements and supplies would be prevented from coming in from that direction. This would have meant the evacuation of Richmond and the hastening of the fall of the Confederacy. Petersburg could have been easily held if it had been captured. So this day was pregnant with failure for the South, and between it and its prevention stood only a little handful of citizens of Petersburg, unused to warfare and unskilled in military tactics; men who knew not of their importance in the world at that precise moment; men who gave no thought to anything but the defense of their homes.

ON THE LINES.

In pursuance of the plan to invest Richmond from the south, Grant ordered a reconnoitering force to attack Richmond and Petersburg and ascertain what force was in his front. The move by Butler on the north side of the Appomattox was foiled, but the movement to the east and south of Petersburg was attended with better luck. General Kautz, with a division of cavalry, worked around the south of Petersburg with the intention of intercepting any troops from the south coming to reinforce General Beauregard, who was in command of Petersburg. It was this division which made the surprising and unexpected attack on Petersburg on the 9th of June, attempting to enter the city by way of the Jerusalem Plank Road. At this point was Rives's farm, and the road here intersected a low line of breastworks on both sides of the road, extending east and west, with a battery known as No. 29 on the left of the road, and another battery, No. 30, about three hundred yards to the west on the right of the road. This point was about two miles from Petersburg. The road had been left open, but as soon as the enemy appeared it was barricaded with a wagon and some rails. This line connecting the two batteries was filled with the men of six companies, the "second-class militia" and the "Junior Reserves," and the Prince George Reserves, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five, commanded by Gen. R. E. Colston and Col. F. H. Archer. There was no artillery supporting this little force when the fight began, but soon afterwards a detachment from Sturdevant's Battery, with five or six men under a sergeant and with one piece of artillery, took possession of Battery No. 29 on the left of the road. This gun had no shells, only round shot. The enemy had four pieces of artillery and were equipped with the "sixteen-shooting rifle." As has been said, the Reserves had "venerable muskets that were not worth a tinker's imprecation at longer range than one hundred yards." The force opposing Petersburg's patriots was more than ten times as large and was comprised of cavalry and artillery. They were seasoned soldiers and must have seen the ease with which they could flank this small force in front of them, holding a line of low earthworks, with no protection from either side. But the Home Guards had no thought of retreat. In the face of almost certain death or capture, they held their place. Military strategists have expressed wonder that these untrained soldiers held firm against such odds; possibly trained soldiers would have foreseen the result and retreated. The explanation, of course, is that these men were fighting with a determination "to do or die."

When the commandant received the news by courier of the approach of the attacking force, he called out his little party and addressed them briefly, "urging them never to yield, but to stand up to the end in defense of their homes and firesides." Then he disposed them behind the low line of breastworks and calmly awaited the attack. They occupied an isolated position, with no prospective assistance for several miles on either side of them. They had not long to wait, for soon they saw in the woods across the field in front of them the sun glinting on the rifles of their opponents. What were the thoughts of the defenders crouching there in their shallow trenches, tightly grasping their old muskets? Was the banker thinking of the money he might never handle again; the merchant of his store, the key to which he had placed in his pocket as he locked the door and hastened to the front; the teacher of the boys whom he would never again scold for paying more attention to the sunlight in the trees outside the schoolroom than they were to the conjugation of Latin verbs; were the boys with the joyousness of youth welcoming the opportunity to get out of school? No, the commandant says: "With a due sense of the gravity of the situation, they took their positions in the trenches with the firm and steady tread of men who understood their duty and determined to perform it to the utmost." Never was a more splendid tribute paid by a commander to his men than Major Archer gave his gray-bearded men and earnest boys there in front of greater odds than men usually confront. Let us leave this little company of heroes, some too old to be able to retreat and others too young to know how, awaiting the attack of nine regiments of infantry and cavalry and four pieces of artillery in the sunlit field of Rives's farm, while we go back for a while to Petersburg, the beloved city, and see conditions there.

IN THE CITY.

The city had awakened that June morning as usual and gone about its affairs. It was a languorous summer day, and the summer haze softened the outlines of the houses and filtered through the trees in fantastic shadows on the dusty streets. Breakfast was over and the business men had opened up their stores; the children had gone to school; and the housewives were about their daily household tasks. Some of the women had gone to the hospitals, which they had established on Bollingbrook Street and Poplar Lawn. The women of Petersburg had raised the money and rented a house on Bollingbrook Street where they received wounded soldiers needing attention. The ladies carried delicacies from their homes, and there they picked lint for bandages and sewed and knitted in the intervals of ministering to the sick. Here, on this beautiful June day, in this old house were gathered the sweet-voiced, gentle women caring for the wounded Confederate soldiers. Suddenly there was borne on the wind the loud clanging of a bell. There was a pause in the pleasant gossip. "What's that, a fire?" Other bells were ringing all over town. "That's the signal that the Yankees are coming," said one excitedly. It was true, the Yankees were at the gates; but little did these women realize the ten months of privation and suffering and sorrow and distress that would be their lot before another pleasant day in June came again to them.

The merchants were not very busy, for trade was mainly confined to the soldiers, who were the only ones with money to spend, and not much of that. There were little gatherings of men past the age of military service at some popular meeting place, such as the grocery store or the druggist's. The talk was mainly of the threatened approach of the enemy. The more serious were careful in expressing their views. One talkative fellow said, "O no, they will never get to Petersburg.

Marse Robert will have them on the run back to Washington in less than a week," and wanted to bet on it. Hardly had he finished speaking when the bells began to ring. Rushing out of the store, they saw excited passers-by telling each other that "20,000 Yankees" were coming into the town. Where was "the army?" In front of Richmond, miles away, and nobody between Petersburg and the enemy but Major Archer and his handful of men. "Every man is needed," yelled one man as he ran up the street. The banker left his counting house, the druggist dropped his pestle, the merchants closed their stores, teachers dismissed their pupils and, taking up their muskets, hurried out past old Blandford Cemetery, to which some would soon return forever, out the Jerusalem Plank Road to rejoin the Home Guards and repel the invader.

Petersburg's representative in the legislature was sitting in his office calmly and peacefully reading the newspaper when the alarm was sounded. Dropping his paper on the floor, he left for the lines and reported to the first officer he met, who suggested that he get a musket. The ordnance officer gave him a choice of three old flint-locks, in which the percussion hammer and tube had been substituted for the flint and powder pan. None of the three would shoot, but he finally found a gun in the tent of one of the soldiers who had gone to town "on leave" that morning and had not returned. He never came back to his official duties, for he was captured and the legislature had adjourned *sine die* never to reconvene, long before he was released.

Three members of the city council had just left a meeting of that body when they met a messenger bringing the news, and they hastened out to the front. One of them was so deaf that he didn't hear the order to retreat during the battle, and continued to *advance*, and fired the last gun after he had been shot down.

One merchant, being told that he was "needed to help defend the city," stepped back into the store to tell his venerable employee where he was going and what he wanted done in the event he was killed. "Tell some one else," said the old man, "I'll be there as soon as you are."

The wounded in the hospitals, those that were able to move, undertook to march out, and even the prisoners in the jail begged to be allowed to take part in the defense of the city whose laws they had violated. Their request was granted, and "the patients and the penitents," as they were called, took up the line of march to the front.

Even the boys, with the recklessness and curiosity that is a part of the small boy's make-up, "went out to fight," and two of them, at least, and possibly more, got into the trenches and were under fire. Fortunately, a kind Providence looked after "the little fools," as one old man called them.

THE BATTLE.

In the meantime the fight had begun. The Yankee general, thinking that the force in front of him could be easily ridden down by his cavalry, ordered a charge. On they came across the field and up the Plank Road in a long line, in a cloud of dust, with their horses at a gallop and swords drawn. A cavalry charge is a pretty sight, but that little band of heroes was not impressed with the beauty of it nor any fear of it. Waiting until the enemy was almost upon them, they delivered a volley that checked them and sent those not killed back faster than they had come. General Kautz took his time in making preparations for the next attack. This was most fortunate for the besieged, for they knew from the beginning that all they could do was to hold out until reinforcements came. They were ready to make the sacrifice. Now the full force of the enemy is upon them—the enemy riding around the

flanks, which were unprotected, and attacking from front and rear. Their single gun is captured, but not until its handlers are shot down. The trench and battle field are filled with the dead and wounded. Of the little force not half remain, the remainder are killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. They retire slowly across that part of Walnut Hill now including Sycamore Street extended. Their work is done. They had fought a good fight. For more than two hours these gray-haired old men and boys had held at bay ten times their number of the finest troops in Grant's army. They had saved Petersburg. Historians may vaunt the claims of the brave Spartans who stood at Thermopylae; they may praise the stand of the Old Guard at Waterloo, but no historian will ever find in all the world's history a more fitting theme than the heroic stand of Archer and his militia at Petersburg on the 9th of June, 1864.

Back in the town, while the fight was progressing on the lines, all was excitement. The bells were still tolling, and to their harsh sounds were added the sullen roar of the cannon and the sharp rattle of the musketry. Everybody was in the streets. What was happening out there to the south? The men were still moving toward the lines, some of them tottering with age. A little band of boys almost too delicate to hold a gun passed a group of women trying to smile through their tears, and one of the boys said: "Do not weep, ladies; do not fear; we will fight for you as long as we have a cartridge left."

A boy's school was in session on Sycamore Street above Fillmore. The teacher was summoned to the door to receive the message to send two of his little pupils home, as their father had been killed in the battle. Another messenger, and another little boy was sent to a weeping mother. The school had to be dismissed, for none knew what tidings would next be brought. The boys came trooping out just in time to hear the rumbling of gun carriages down the street. It was Graham's Battery, the Petersburg Artillery, coming at a gallop, and following them Dearing's cavalry. The women and children were so excited that they got in the way, and the gallant Graham was so irritated when he came near to running over one of his own lady friends, who took her time in crossing Bollingbrook Street, that he cried out: "Damn the women! Run over them if they don't get out of the way." But these brave soldiers, driving their guns up Sycamore Street, with the sidewalks thronged with women and children, fought all the better for the smiles shining through tears that these women gave them. One of the sweetest memories of my childhood is remembering the story told me by my gray-haired mother of how she and her schoolgirl friends stood on the porch of the Southern Female College and waved their handkerchiefs to the gallant soldiers of Graham as they galloped their guns up Sycamore Street to the heights to repel the invaders. Even yet a thrill comes over me when I think of these young schoolgirls so brave that they felt no fear, but put their trust in the soldiers of Lee, who had never failed them; so tender that they waved their girlish greetings and perhaps cheered the soldier boys fighting for them with kisses thrown from soft finger tips. I close my eyes, and I can hear the galloping of the horses and the rumbling of the cannon over the street and the cheers of Graham's men as they returned their courtesies. It took the world to whip such people as these when even the schoolgirls smiled and cheered in the face of danger.

The Federal forces were coming into the city with instructions to destroy the town. They had reached Lieutenant Run on the New Road, within one hundred yards of the city limits, when Graham's Battery unlimbered at the head of Sycamore Street. He posted two guns at Cameron's and the other two just south of the reservoir. The women and children had

followed the guns and were standing just back of the guns on Reservoir Hill when a shell fell near them and scattered them, and the Confederate artillerymen had to drive them out of harm's way. Does history record such an unexampled disregard of danger? This defense halted the enemy, and when Dearing's Cavalry charged, they broke and fled. He drove them back down the New Road until they had retreated in disorder, leaving one of their guns in the hands of the Confederates. The fight was over. But the stubborn, heroic defense of Archer's old men and boys saved the day, for Petersburg would have been in the hands of the enemy before Lee could have sent reinforcements across the Appomattox but for their courageous resistance. We can but speculate on what would have been the result if Petersburg had fallen. Some military strategists contend that the war would have ended nearly a year sooner. Petersburg might have been spared a siege which is without parallel in the annals of warfare, with the consequent loss of life and suffering, but "God moves in a mysterious way," and he gave Archer and his militia the strength and heroic courage that resulted in the prolongation of the war.

Petersburg was invested, and the women of Petersburg opened more hospitals and went hungry that the soldiers might be fed. When the war was over, they gathered up tenderly the remains of those Confederate soldiers who gave up their lives in their defense and buried them here on this beautiful hillside, where they await the reveille of the resurrection. Thirty thousand heroes here are sleeping in this hallowed ground. This place is hallowed, not only because it contains the dust of heroes, but because it has been watered with good women's tears. For sixty years, on this recurring day in June, they come here and bring their flowers to show the devotion and gratitude in their hearts to their defenders who died for them.

The flowers will wither and fade, their sweet perfume will pass away on the vagrant wind above these graves, but the heroism of Petersburg's defenders will remain forever in sweeter memory to this old city than the perfume of any flower. And this beautiful hillside will ever be cherished and tended in the years to come in tender and loving memory of the devotion of the women of Petersburg, which rises like holy incense from this hallowed spot.

DEVOTION OF SOUTHERN WOMEN TO THE CONFEDERACY.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, D.D., GREENVILLE, S. C.

It is well, and simply just, that one should pause and consider how much our great country owes to her noble, patriotic, and loyal women. To them and their devotion was largely due the success of the Revolution of 1776. Nor were the noble women of the South less devoted to the cause of the Confederacy than were their ancestors to the contention for American independence. Let me state, out of personal experience and observation, a few facts of evidential similarity to that which could be furnished by any Confederate soldier of the sixties.

The women of the South deserve endless praise and gratitude for their faithfulness at the very beginning, during, and throughout the War between the States. And to-day they are rendering most praiseworthy service in vindicating and permanently recording the truth as it relates to the dire conflict of 1861-65. All honor to them for their unsullied patriotism and love of true history!

Just now and here, however, I beg to offer for the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN some scraps of my own recollections of persons and things as connected with the war, and more particularly the devotion of Southern women to the Confederacy and to Southern rights.

Being only thirteen years old when the war began, I did not volunteer until 1864. But during the days of my soldiering, as well as those preceding that time, I felt wide-awake to the Southern cause and closely watched passing events. And I was deeply impressed by the spirit of our good women as it related to the well-being and comfort and aid of the Confederate soldiers. As soon as the war cloud arose, the women of South Carolina (and of the entire South) went to work in every possible and commendable way to assist in the pending struggle. Their sympathy, love and prayers for the Confederate soldier were everywhere manifest. In my own community (Barnwell District, S. C.), as soon as the trouble began my mother, sisters, and the women all around began to procure the materials to make up underwear, knit socks, weave cloth for garments, all to be furnished free to the young men entering the service. Day and night industrious hands were busy doing every possible turn to "help the brave boys." The cotton card, the spinning wheel, the old-time Southern loom, the reel, and the knitting needle were all constantly active and subservient to the needs of our soldiers.

During all the period of the war, the hospitals were thronged by our women, extending relief, aid, and comfort to the sick and wounded. Everywhere along the railways, as our "boys" were being transported from place to place, our women gathered together and served, all free, such good things to eat as their willing hands could prepare. The boys were cheered by every deed and word of kindness possible. They were inspired to courage and the endurance of hardship and suffering by waving hands and handkerchiefs, and by such appeals as "On to victory!" "Never be shot in the back!" and the like. Stopping places, known as "The Wayside Homes," were established and maintained by our women in numerous cities and towns as resting stations for the weary, wounded, and sick soldiers, forced temporarily from the trenches and the battle line.

Everywhere and on every possible occasion, the unfaltering, undaunted, patriotic daughters of the Southland were weeping with those who wept and rejoicing with those who rejoiced.

After my going into the army in the summer of 1864—not quite seventeen years of age—it was my great pleasure to receive gentle greetings and kind deeds at the hands of the mothers and sisters of the "boys at the front." On our long, hard march from Charleston, S. C., up the coast and through North Carolina, finally to Greensboro, and on our way home after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, the sympathy and help of our women were all the time in evidence.

Near the battle field of Bentonville, N. C. (Johnston's last hard field conflict with Sherman), a brother of mine lay wounded, dependent, and helpless till late in June, 1865. He was kindly fed and assisted there by the generous, sympathetic women (and some men) of that vicinity until able to travel.

When I and another brother were "on sick list" at Company Shops (now Burlington), N. C., we were hungry and without rations. I went to more than one cottage home asking for something to eat. At last I came to a plain home, where the landlady was out in the front yard. I inquired whether she could furnish a hungry soldier with anything. She said she could supply a little plain food, and she at once did so, saying: "I never refuse a hungry soldier, but always divide rations

so long as I have anything." She then remarked: "I always feed the hungry soldier who comes along and asks for food. I have been censured for giving something to eat to some of the hungry prisoners as they were passing. But I cannot deny food to a hungry soldier, even in blue uniform."

I thanked her and told her that I felt she was doing right to feed even her enemies.

On my march of three hundred and fifty miles to reach home after leaving Greensboro, I had to depend on charity along the way, as did others.

One day I halted at a plain home where some good women had gathered, apparently for an old-time quilting. A dear old lady in the company, seeing how thin and war-worn I was, said to me: "Stay here with me a while. I want to take care of you for your mother." I thanked her cordially, and then said: "I am now pressing for home that I may again see my mother."

We never asked for lodging or shelter on our return home. Excepting one or two nights for three months, we slept under the open sky, having no tents, and part of the time no blankets or overcoats; and some were finally barefooted. One rainy, chilly evening, on the march homeward, my oldest brother and I stopped at a home by the roadside and inquired of the lady who greeted us whether or not we might be allowed to sleep on the piazza and thus keep out of the rain for the night. She replied: "O no! A Confederate soldier cannot sleep on the floor of my piazza. You must sleep in the best room and bed in my house." I insisted that we could not accept her generous offer, that we were too ragged and dirty to get into a nice bed. She pressed her hospitality, however, until we did at last agree to sleep on her clean feather bed! We resumed our toilsome journey very early next morning, and I have often wondered if she did not have to regret her kindness to us. That night and one other spent in a freight box car on the Northeastern Railway were the only two on which we had a shelter after the evacuation of Charleston, February 17, 1865.

There were other and many instances of the devotion of our Southern women that came my way in those dark years of 1861-65. Many other old Confederates could tell similar stories.

Nor did our matchless women cease their loyalty and patriotism with the closing of hostilities. They worked as nobly as did Wade Hampton and his allies to redeem South Carolina—"The Prostrate State"—and other sections, from Radical Carpetbag rule, following the end of our troubles on the fields of battle to the good, true, brave women of the South we have looked, by no means in vain for support, help, vindication, comfort, and a sympathetic justification of the South's cause and course in the War between the States. We old vets ask only for simple truth and justice—no more. And for the same we look with pride and confidence to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, on whom we lean as trustfully and complacently as we and our fathers and brothers looked to their devoted mothers of the South while the clash of arms was on in the now long ago.

Only a private! to march and to fight,
Suffer and starve and be strong;
With knowledge enough to know that the right
Of justice and truth, and freedom and right,
In the end must crush out the wrong.

— F. W. D.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOUTHERN THOUGHT.

[Address delivered by Harry Howard, on Memorial Day, 1926, at the Confederate Monument in Union Cemetery, Kansas City, Mo.]

In a conversation with a friend recently, he told me that his father, a Confederate veteran, always attended Confederate reunions and memorial exercises; and that they were among the greatest interests of his rather extensive life, which closed only a few short years ago. I think the interest of this Confederate soldier was expressive of the thoughts and emotions of the great body of men and women who had a part in the Confederacy or who were under the influence of those who contributed to its cause. And well may it have cast so great a spell over those whom it touched; well may it have been the outstanding influence in their lives and recollections; for the times of the Confederacy were stirring and impressive times. It completely engaged the affections of all of its people. It encompassed the thought and action of both old and young—the old in counsel, the young in war. It was the flower and fruit of the studious thought and great learning of the elder statesmen of the South. Its powers and activities were well within the range of their views of political government and of the rights of their sovereign States. It was the result of the reasoned opinion of a proud, high-mettled, enterprising, clear-thinking, dignified, and moral leadership of the purest type of the Anglo-Norman race, whose spirit was quickened by the influences of the New World. Its younger membership largely gave it physical force and fought its defensive war. Its older leadership long has passed. But its thinning lines of younger soldiers reach down to the present day; and, on this day, though now grown old and feeble, they are gathered in little groups at the graves and in memory of their comrades who have gone before. They were young in the days of the Confederacy, and the Confederacy drew upon the strength of their youth. It aroused their natural and proper spirit of patriotism; it went to the defense of their homes; it led them forth to its chivalrous war, in which all of the affections of their hearts and all of the faculties of their minds were completely engrossed. Its impressions upon them were deep; its coloring indelible; its influence lasting.

Is there wonder, then, that those with whom its influence has lingered should meet as on this and other memorial occasions? Is it not fitting and logical that they should thus celebrate its existence; and as we observe this Memorial Day, may we not briefly review the men and the thought out of which the Confederacy came?

The conception of political freedom from the government of Great Britain, the development of the American Union, and the establishment of the Southern Confederacy, all were largely the acts of Southern men, all flowed mainly from the same trend of mind, all were parts of the same flowing stream of thought and enterprise.

It was Jefferson, a Southern man, a Virginian, schooled in the thought and responsive to the feelings of the Southern people, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, the adoption of which plunged the American Colonies into their seven years of war for independence. As that war was successful, no opprobrium rests upon its participants; and the document penned by Jefferson has shed luster on his name until all men not too deep in prejudice honor him for this act. And this document, though daring in its challenge to Great Britain, though clear and bold in its pronouncements of the rights of men, was yet tempered by an understanding of the cautious dispositions of people. While it declared that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with

the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, it also said: "Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have been accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurptions, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under an absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government and to provide new guards for their future security."

This happy blending of energetic thought and of prudence was the mainspring of the movement for independence. This inspired its every earnest leader; this sustained its every weary soldier; and those leaders yielded their armies and those soldiers fought the war throughout under the command of the Virginia planter, Washington, while business interests in other parts, taking counsel of their immediate profits, denounced the movement for independence and aligned themselves with the Tories.

When this war was over and its issues were determined in favor of the Colonies, when their independence became an acknowledged fact by the nations of the world, there followed apprehensive years over the fate of the States. There quickly came the realization that their loose Confederacy with its Continental Congress was not so constituted as successfully to cope with their varied and multiplying problems. But Southern thought was active. It quickly understood the weaknesses, and it seized upon the awkward arrangements of the Articles of Confederation and converted them into reasons for a new arrangement for the general government of the States. The leader and inspirer of this great movement was James Madison, another Southerner, another Virginian, schooled in the principles of government and of law as no other statesman, it may be, has ever been. He it was who more clearly saw the need of new forms for the general government; he it was whose assiduous efforts, more than the efforts of any others, brought the Constitutional Convention of 1787 into being. He was the mentor of that convention, and the Constitution of the United States which emerged therefrom more completely bore the stamp of his beliefs than of all of the other delegates of that renowned convention. It is significant again of this current of thought and influence that Washington, the commander of the victorious armies, was chosen President of that great body of men. But the act of the convention in reporting the Constitution to the various States did not establish the government of the United States. There came the difficult political fight for its adoption. The influence of this great current of thought, under the leadership of Madison, in great measure secured its ratification; and he, with Hamilton and Jay, of New York, wrote the greatest papers, now collected in the *Federalist*, in explanation of the new instrument that have ever been written on the subject of political government. While the two groups of admirers of Madison and Hamilton have long wrangled over which of the men contributed the more forceful and the greater number of the *Federalist* papers, yet it was Madison who dealt more with the instrument submitted to the States for adoption while the contributions of Hamilton dealt mainly with the conditions of the Articles of Confederation. When this Constitution became the fundamental law of the relations among the various States, it was the Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, whose influence gave it its great amendments, known as the Bill of Rights.

Nor was this all, nor even half, the story: During the in-

terpretive period of the Constitution to the time of the Confederacy, the general government was almost altogether under the control of this Southern thought. Of the fifteen Presidents preceding the War between the States, twelve of them were either from the South or were elected to the presidency by the Southern vote; and their terms extended over sixty of the seventy-two years of the period. Of the thirty-six justices of the Supreme Court, twenty-two were from Southern States, and only fourteen from other States; and the combined years of service of the justices from the South exceeded the combined years of service of the others by one hundred and seven years. Of the thirty-six justices, thirty were appointed by the twelve Presidents of the Southern trend of thought. Since the appointment of the justices of the Supreme Court have been political, it is but natural that the great majority of these thirty appointees would have been found to hold to the political views of the Presidents who appointed them; and, by their very nature and political associations, would have been inclined to give the Constitution that force and effect consistent with their political alignment. This same influence alike dominated the Senate and the House of Representatives, and the legislation of the Congress and the discussions of political and constitutional questions of their illustrious members well reflected the Southern influence.

While all of the branches of the general government were so controlled, all of the contiguous territory which now makes up all of the States of the Union, except the thirteen original colonies, was acquired. The Louisiana Purchase territory from the Mississippi to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, acquired when Jefferson was President; Florida when Monroe was President; Texas and the southwestern territory when Polk was President; the Gadsden Purchase when Pierce was President; the Oregon territory, through the claims based on the Lewis and Clark expedition, during the presidency of Jefferson; so that the territorial United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Dominion of Canada to the Republic of Mexico, stands as a great monument to this Southern thought, enterprise, and vision.

All of the wars which were fought were waged under this same leadership—the war against the piratical Barbary States, which gained the freedom of the Mediterranean Sea for American commerce and ended the long tribute paid to their rulers, during the presidency of Jefferson; the War of 1812, which raised the United States to the dignity of a strong nation in the estimation of European governments, during the presidency of Madison; the Mexican War, which determined the southern boundaries and made secure the broad domain to the Pacific Ocean, during the presidency of Polk.

Two schools of political and constitutional thought, two contending forces, each of which attempted to trim the sails of the general government into its own ports in those *ante-bellum* days—the nationalistic school and the champions of the local right—carried their controversies throughout the period. But those of the Southern mold of thought brought the government to a fixed Southern anchorage on many constitutional questions, which, it may now be hoped, are unalterably written into the law of the land, among them, that the government of the United States is a government of delegated and limited powers and duties; that all of its powers are expressed in the Constitution or are such as are conveniently necessary to effect its expressed powers; that unlike the governments of the States, whose constitutions are limitations upon their powers, the Federal Constitution is the creator of the Federal government; that all power not given to it by that instrument resides in the various States or in the people of the various States; that the treaty-making power, though

embracing all of such power that resided in the States, extends only to matters of proper negotiation with other governments; that it does not permit the surrender of any element of sovereignty of the United States nor of any State; that the treaty-making power, being granted in general language to the President and Senate, is subordinate to the specific grants of power to other branches of the general government; that the ownership and control of property within the various States cannot be infringed upon by the general government; and that the general government may exercise no general police powers over persons and property within the States. These are among the great contributions of Southern thought to the interpretation of the Constitution. The school of nationalists, obsessed with the glamour of power and glory in the national government, would have centralized all power in the central government which the most liberal interpretation of the Constitution would have permitted and would have reduced the sovereign States to mere administrative departments of the general government. A scientific medical examination of the extreme leaders of this nationalistic school of thought, in the light of modern knowledge, would doubtless have shown them all to have been afflicted with *grandiose insanity*. The doctrine of nullification, largely the accepted view before the war, and the subject of resolution, in real or fancied grievance, by every section of the country, with its companion doctrine of secession, was settled adversely to the views of the time, not by argument, not according to principles of fundamental law and of political government, not by opinions of courts of undoubted jurisdiction, but by the sword of the War between the States.

These were among the great influences of the people of the South upon the constitutional Union of the States. From them there largely came its independence from the mother country; from them there came its great increase and achievement; from them there came its character; and as they were its greatest patrons, from them there came its most steadfast support throughout the years which determined its purpose and scope.

Though the Southern people through all of those years were loyal to the Union, though their leaders deprecated the thought of its dissolution, though they unstintingly gave of their treasure and blood in its defense, and were gladdened by its growth and progress, yet their strongest allegiance was to the principles of law upon which they conceived it to be founded, and they believed it but presented the forms through which those principles should govern their conduct with other States of the Union and with other nations. When the leadership of the thought of the North, with which they could always compose and conciliate their divergent views, seemed to them to yield to religious zeal, to the mania of reform, to the poison of slander and crimination; when the bitter political campaigns of 1856 and 1860 impressed them with the thought that their peculiar conditions of civilization would arbitrarily be altered from without and their powers of government would be wielded from abroad, in contempt of their natural right of self-government and offensive to their spirit of independence, they withdrew from the Union and established the Southern Confederacy, which well expressed the principles and forms of government to which they had theretofore brought the government from which they withdrew.

It was not the mere political defeat in the election of 1860 which caused them to withdraw; their mettle had been tried in previous defeats and they had gracefully yielded; it was not the issue of slavery over which they fought; they desired that the slaves might be free and long had given anxious

thought to how their freedom might be best achieved. The withdrawal from the Union and the consequent war were more the results of the mischief-making and disorganizing zealot and propagandist and their reaction upon the spirits of both the Northern and the Southern people. The issue of slavery was a potent weapon in the hands of the propagandists who allowed no respect for the law and for the settled distributions of power to temper their sense of the proper course of national conduct. Intense, zealous, eloquent, unscrupulous, and bold, they practiced upon the high-spirited natures of the people of both the North and the South and led them, against their former dispositions of friendliness and forbearance into disunion and the most heartrending war of the New World. Those of the persuasion of Garrison, who denounced the Constitution as a compact with hell, must need offend all lovers of law and order; those exercised over the writings of Mrs. Stowe were far more distressed over her imaginary Liza, crossing the ice of the Ohio, than they were ever concerned for Washington in crossing the Delaware. Had a few been shot at the outset of their careers, there would have been no war in the sixties. And, as the war progressed, did not Sherman's march to the sea, laying waste a path forty miles in width in cruel disregard of the rules of civilized warfare—and when the war was over, did not the carpetbag governments of the South justify the apprehensiveness of the Southern people toward this leadership which gained ascendancy in the North?

It has often been urged that if the Confederacy had succeeded in the war, there would have been further withdrawals; that sectionalism, strife, and war after war would have followed among the various States. Such is idle speculation. It is contrary to the experiences and dispositions of the English stock of people. The colonists had never been at war with one another. The component parts of the British Empire had never made war upon one another, except by kingly contrivance or religious intolerance, from the bondage of both of which the English race had emerged. Prior to the time of William the Conqueror, the seven Saxon kingdoms had gradually come together and were finally united under Harold. When the blood of the Welch flowed in the veins of an English king, they ceased their warfare, and England and Wales united in government. When a Scottish king ascended the British throne, there began the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. All English-settled colonies of the last century have dwelt in peace with the mother country. All English-settled America, except for the times of the Confederacy, have constantly drawn together in more friendly association. The disposition has been to coöperate, to unite; and in view of these racial experiences and dispositions, there would, doubtless, have been a renewal among the States of friendliness and close association, a rearrangement of their general government, yet in which no section would have ever feared an encroachment of centralized power.

And was there no justification at all in the Southern action? Was it altogether wrong? Two great English-speaking nations are in the field of progressive self-government—the United States and the British Empire. Since the times of the War between the States the bond of national government in the United States has been continually strengthened by amendment of its fundamental law, by judicial interpretation, by acquiescence of the States and of the people in its exercise of doubtful power. The national bond of the British Empire has been continually loosened at the behest of the strong, aggressive, self-reliant spirit of the British people, until all of its far-flung colonies now stand as fully self-governing commonwealths. Into the arrangement has lately come Ireland,

and the movement is on in Scotland. With loyalty to the home government from every part, the British government is in such plight that its rashest nationalistic thought would not now dare to recall a single local power from its weakest element nor to impose a single arbitrary law against its conscience. The government of the United States is now so centralized that nothing but a court opinion may be interposed in the way of its power; and from every State, from every political party, from every political forum, a cry is heard against the encroachments of national power. Nor can their divergence in the courses of these two great nations be the result of remoteness from the seat of central power; for California and Missouri are more distant than Scotland and Ireland; and Alaska and the Philippines are farther removed than South Africa and Australia.

But what of the Confederacy now? As the years have softened the rancor of its opponents which attended its existence and struggle, it has grown upon the friendly affections of all considerate and thoughtful people. In commemoration of its existence and of the civilization out of which it came, there is one of the largest organizations of women in the world—the United Daughters of the Confederacy—which exists wherever Southern women and their kin have gone. There are Confederate monuments in almost every graveyard where Confederate veterans lie sleeping. On the face of Stone Mountain in Georgia there is being sculptured the greatest memorial, barring the great pyramids of Egypt, that the world has ever known; and, to this enterprise, the government of the United States and the people from every part have made large contributions. The military campaigns of its soldiers are studied in all the great military schools of the world. The political principles which it embraced may be correct in law, and fit in application, in view of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence that “prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have been accustomed.” May we peacefully return at least, to a substantial part of those principles, while the hands of the North and the South are clasped in mutual respect and love and in mutual aid in each other’s problems.

WITH THE SIXTEENTH GEORGIA CAVALRY.

BY G. L. CARSON, COMMERCE, GA.

During the month of May, 1862, A. A. Hunt got permission from the War Department of the Confederate States of America to organize a regiment of cavalry to act independently, or as partisan rangers. To an invitation given to join him in this project six companies responded—Company A, Captain Jones; B, Captain Lewis; C, Captain Waters; D, Captain Camp; E, Captain Marier; F, Captain Sims; Company E, which was from Jackson County, and to which I belonged, soon recruited until it became so full that Company G, Captain Whitehead, was organized, and soon afterwards Company H, Captain Ray, was also the product of Company E. The original six companies rendezvoused at Big Shanty, Ga., or Camp McDonald, eight miles from Marietta, about the 25th of May, and perfected an organization, electing A. A. Hunt colonel, F. M. Nix lieutenant colonel, Samuel J. Winn major, and E. Y. Clark adjutant.

We remained in camp above Marietta until about the 25th of June, when arrangements were made to form a brigade, consisting of the 2nd and 9th Kentucky Cavalry, commanded

by Col. Basil W. Duke and R. M. Gano, the 16th Georgia Battalion, and a company of Texas Rangers, the brigade to be commanded and led by the brave and chivalrous John H. Morgan. These commands went into camp at Knoxville, Tenn., the last days of June.

On the 4th of July the buglers sounded, “Saddle Up,” and we began our march toward the “old Kentucky shore.” On the evening of the third day we halted and fed our horses on the banks of the Cumberland River preparatory for an all-night march across the mountains to Tompkinsville, Ky., where a regiment of Federal cavalry, commanded by Colonel Jordan, was encamped. Daybreak the next morning found us nearly fifty miles from where we were at sunset the evening before. We captured the Federal pickets and advanced on the enemy so rapidly that they hardly had time to mount and form in line of battle before we attacked them in front and on both flanks. They withstood our fire but a short time until they broke and fled in great disorder. It was in this charge that our brave and intrepid Colonel Hunt, while leading his men, received a mortal wound, from which he died in a short time. But the casualties were not all on our side. Colonel Jordan, of the Federals, was wounded in the head. Though perhaps the youngest boy in the regiment, being just past sixteen, I had the pleasure and honor of making the Federal colonel a prisoner of war.

From the 7th of July until the 23rd we were inside the Federal lines and in our saddles almost continually, day and night, raiding through seventeen counties. We captured and killed over seven thousand Yankees and destroyed more than a million dollars worth of United States property. We burned a number of railroad bridges, preparing the way for the advance of Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith into the Blue Grass region.

A few incidents of this famous raid will be of interest. The Federals had made their escape from Tompkinsville, stampeded to Glasgow, and the forces that were stationed there fell back on Lebanon, leaving a large amount of government stores in our possession, all of which, after supplying our needs, we destroyed. We then pushed on to Lebanon, the next place on our route held by the enemy, where a force of two thousand men was encamped. We failed to surprise them, as was our custom. A spy had reported our approach, and a detachment of the enemy met us about a mile from town at a bridge that was housed and covered in. A section of the floor had been removed, and as our advance guards, accompanied by General Morgan, entered the bridge, they were fired on and a bullet passed through Morgan’s hat, a pretty close call for him. We hastily repaired the bridge, advanced, and soon encountered their pickets, with which we kept up a lively skirmish until about midnight, when Morgan demanded an unconditional surrender at once or take the consequences. The town bell was at once tolled as a token of surrender. The whole force was surrendered and paroled except a squad of cavalry that stampeded and made their escape before we could disarm and take charge of them. We then marched to McVie, where we spent an awful night. Every citizen had deserted the village, armed themselves, and bushwhacked us all night. Next day, which was Sunday, we reached Harrodsburg in the evening, then on to Lawrenceburg Sunday night, from which place the enemy had fled, taking the precaution to sink the ferry boats, so we had to swim the river. We reached Versailles at midnight, and the next day we made Georgetown and rested a whole day, the only rest we had while on the raid. That day General Morgan disguised himself as a citizen, went into Lexington, where a force of ten thousand Yankees was stationed, and spent a day and night

with his wife and little daughter, who were living at Lexington at that time.

We next advanced on Cynthianna, routed and captured General Metcalf with his entire force, including a fine battery of artillery, drawn by the finest horses I ever saw. At this place we met with the most stubborn resistance by the enemy. After being driven from behind their breastworks and stone fences, they occupied the brick buildings in the town and fought us from the windows. We found as many as ten dead Yankees lying at one window, all shot through the head. At this place we captured over one hundred barrels of government brandy, the most of which we poured out in the streets. We spent the next night at Paris, and the next day Morgan set a trap to catch two regiments of Yankees. Midway, at that time, was the terminus of a railroad. Morgan had his operator to wire General Ward at Lexington to send him two regiments to Midway by ten o'clock, to aid in capturing General Morgan, who was raiding that vicinity, and he had the message signed "Woolford, commanding Federal cavalry." The ruse was only partially successful. In a short while General Ward had two regiments aboard two trains and speeding on toward Midway. By making a rapid march, we arrived at Midway half an hour before the trains were due. "Lightning Joe" Ellsworth, Morgan's operator, having gone in advance, took charge of the office. He succeeded in keeping the Federals in the dark. Morgan had his force deployed so as to easily capture the whole force had his project proved successful. He sent a squad of men back up the road to obstruct the track to the rear of the trains. In a very short time we heard the trains coming at full speed. Every man was on the alert and eager for the fray; our hair almost stood up on our heads; all of a sudden the trains came to a halt, reversed their engines, and started back faster, if possible, than they had come. Alas, the bird had flown. Our scheme had been discovered. A runner had met the trains, flagged them down, and saved the whole force from falling into our hands. We then hastened on to Richmond, Crab Orchard, and then to Somerset, which about wound up our raid.

Before starting on the raid, General Morgan had secured the services of an expert telegraph operator, a Canadian by the name of Joe Ellsworth, who carried a set of instruments with him so that he could tap the wire at any point and intercept the messages of the enemy, which he did in many instances to our advantage and the discomfiture of our foes, keeping Morgan posted on all their movements and the enemy thrown off his track completely. On reaching Somerset, Ellsworth succeeded in getting possession of the telegraph office with a set of new instruments that had just been brought from London, Ky., and set up by the local operator, a man by the name of Ellis, who jumped out of the window and fled on Morgan's approach. Ellsworth had scarcely got possession of the office when he received the following dispatch: "Keep a sharp lookout for Morgan. He left Crab Orchard today." We had a good night's rest and next morning General Morgan dictated the following famous telegram:

"SOMERSET, KY., July 22, 1862.

"George D. Prentice, Editor of Louisville Journal: I've passed through seventeen counties, captured 7,000 prisoners, and destroyed \$1,000,000 worth of United States property." [At this point the Louisville operator asked: "What do you mean?" He replied: "You will know directly when you see how this dispatch is signed." The message concluded.] "All well in Dixie.

JOHN H. MORGAN."

Ellsworth asked him if he would take another message, and he said, "Yes go ahead," and Morgan dictated the following:

"SOMERSET, KY., July 22, 1862.

"Gen. Jerry T. Boyle, Commanding, Louisville: Good morning, Jerry. This telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps us well posted. My friend Ellsworth has copies of all your messages since July 9 on file. Good-by. Off for Dixie.

JOHN H. MORGAN."

During the subsequent years of the war the 16th Georgia participated in many raids, skirmishes, and hard-fought battles, including the battle of Knoxville, Limestone, Blue Springs, Rogersville, Morristown, Blountville, Bristol, and a number of engagements in the Valley of Virginia, in all of which battles the battalion suffered heavy loss in killed and wounded, contributing its full share of noble Southern blood. The 16th was detached from Morgan at the time of his raid north of the Ohio River, when he was captured, but was with him at Greeneville, where he was betrayed into the hands of the enemy by a Tennessee woman and brutally murdered by an infuriated foe. It was a sad commentary on that part of the Union army that so chivalrous a cavalier, with such a brave, magnanimous heart, should meet with such a tragic death and such horrible treatment after death.

With kindest greetings to each member of the old 16th whose eyes may chance to fall on this imperfect sketch, which is written entirely from memory, I know your charity will pardon all mistakes that have been made.

JOHN YATES BEALL: AN APPRECIATION.

NOTES ALSO ON THE WILKES BOOTH-BEALL TRADITION

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS, CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

I chance to have a more perfect understanding, I flatter myself, of the life and death of John Yates Beall, Confederate hero and martyr to the exigencies of war, than any other living person. Perhaps not, but if a tender and constant memory and the gratitude owed one of my father's closest and most lamented friends does not suffice for a sympathetic understanding, what could?

In the following loosely put together comments, I omit the details of this heroic and poetic career, as these have been published in an earlier number of the *VETERAN*, to which reference will be made in due time.

John Yates Beall and Daniel Bedinger Lucas were born in the same year, on adjoining farms in the county of Jefferson, beauty spot of the famed Virginia Valley. Family and personal intimacy drew them together, until in the fatal year, 1865, John Beall, in prison and on trial for his life, wrote a letter which for pathos and calmness in the face of danger has hardly been excelled. It was directed to "Mr. D. B. Lucas, 173 Main Street, Richmond, Va.," dated January 22, 1865:

FORT LAFAYETTE, N. Y.

"Dear Dan: I have taken up board and lodging in this famous establishment. I was captured in December last and spent Christmas in the Metropolitan Headquarters Police Station. I am now being tried for irregular warfare by a Military Commission, a species of court. . . . You know that I am not a 'guerrilla' or 'spy.' I desire you to get the necessary evidence that I am in the Confederate service regularly and forward it to me at once.

"I saw that Steadman had been killed in Kentucky. Alas, how they fall!

"Please let my family know, if possible, of my whereabouts. Where is my Georgia friend? Have you heard anything of her since I left? May God bless her! I should like so much

to hear from her, from home, Will, and yourself. Be so kind, therefore, as to attend at once to this business for me. Remember me to any and all of my friends that you may see.

"Send me some postage stamps for my correspondence.

"Hoping soon to hear from you, I remain, your friend,

J. Y. BEALL, C. S. N."

"If Mr. Lucas is not in Richmond, will Mr. Hunter attend to this at once?"

This letter, along with the rest of his correspondence, was never mailed, but was retained to be used in his trial by the commanding officer, Gen. John A. Dix. However, Mr. Lucas, having heard of the arrest in Canada of J. Y. Beall—a false report—had already run the blockade, taking with him papers to prove Captain Beall's regular employment by the Confederate government. It turned out to have been Bennett C. Burley, who, instead of Beall, had been captured in Canada and turned over to the United States authorities. So that when the press rung a little later with the capture of Beall and the young man, Kennedy, who afterwards turned State's evidence, Mr. Lucas, already in Toronto, wrote asking General Dix to allow him to come on to New York with the Confederate papers to be used as evidence and to act as counsel for his friend. No reply was vouchsafed. Credentials were sent, however, from other quarters, but were unavailing; and the Hon. James Brady was allowed to represent Beall, a Northern man, but liberal withal, and at a time when to sympathize with the enemy was dangerous indeed.

The date of Mr. Lucas's departure from the Confederacy was January 5, 1865. John Yates Beall was captured on the 16th of December, 1864, and executed February 24, 1865, a summary rendition of justice, had it been even a semblance of the same. . . . But throughout the South this, worse than the Major Andre fiasco, was considered murder, without benefit of clergy. . . . And I have been told that upon the stone at the head of John Yates Beall's grave was written, at first: "Murdered by Abraham Lincoln." No such inscription is there now. The simple marble reads:

"Died in the service and defense of his country."

And if I may be allowed a personal reference here, may I say that as long as I can remember the custom has been observed of placing from Rion Hall, the home of Daniel Bedinger Lucas, a beautiful *magnolia macrophylla* blossom on the grave of our Jefferson County hero, one of the most picturesque and admirable figures in the annals of the war.

But this year of 1927, so fatal to our great and beloved Southland, is an exception, the magnolia will not bloom.

In the VETERAN for July, 1899, a long and interesting account of the life and death of John Yates Beall appeared from the pen of Rev. J. H. McNeilly which does full justice to the subject; however, no new material was furnished, for all that has been written of Beall is comprised in a memoir prepared and published by Daniel B. Lucas in Canada (Montreal, 1865) and a sketch (practically the same) in the University of Virginia Memorial Volume, 1865, also by Mr. Lucas. The Canadian publication was anonymous. Criticism of General Dix and the conduct of Beall's trial might well have been considered, in that unhappy time, to be highly treasonable. However, the authorship was apparent from internal evidence, and there was no effort to conceal Mr. Lucas's interest in and partisan friendship for the so-called Confederate spy. This book, out of print and not to be found in any antique mart, contained:

Life, by D. B. L.

Trial (Official Account, Special Orders No. 14, U. S. Army Report, January 17, 1865, N. Y. Pp. 91-216).

Correspondence, 217-223.

Diary, His Account of the Lake Erie Raid, pp. 224-297.

There is also in my possession a manuscript volume, "John Yates Beall: In Memoriam." This was copied by Mr. Bennett Young for Virginia Frazer Boyle, and may have been put in print, though I have not seen it. Prepared by Judge Albert Ritchie, of Baltimore, it contains the following memorandum:

1. *Item.*—Acting Master John Yates Beall, C. S. N., was captured at Niagara City, the State of New York, on the 16th day of December, 1864. He was tried by Military Commission at Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, upon two charges:

Charge first: Violation of the laws of war.

Charge second: Acting as a spy.

On the 8th day of February, 1865, he was found guilty by Commission on each charge and sentenced to be hanged.

The proceedings of the Commission were approved by Maj. Gen. John A. Dix, commanding the Department of the East, and on Tuesday, the 14th day of February, he ordered that the sentence be carried into execution the following Saturday, the 18th of February, on Governor's Island.

On Friday, the 17th day of February, it was ordered by Maj. Gen. Dix that the execution of the sentence be suspended because of an informality in the record, and that the Commission reconvene. On Monday, the 20th of February, the Commission met and received the record. And on Tuesday, the 21st of February, ordered by Maj. Gen. Dix that the sentence be carried into effect the following Friday, the 24th day of February, 1865.

This order was executed on the day named, at twenty minutes past one o'clock, P.M.

2. *Item.*—Biographical Notes of J. Y. B. (Taken from a letter written to James A. L. McClure by Daniel B. Lucas. Dated, Hamilton, C. W., February 23, 1865.)

*3. Copy of warrant granted to Acting Master J. Y. B. (Taken from Record of his trial). Exhibit E.

*4. Copy of letter from J. Y. B. to James A. L. McClure. (Dated Fort Lafayette, February 14, 1865.)

*5. Copy of letter from J. Y. B. to his brother William. (Same date.)

This letter ends as follows: "My hands are clean of blood, unless it be spent in conflict, and not a cent enriches my pocket. Should you be spared through this strife, stay with mother and be a comfort to her old age. Endure the hardships of the campaign as a man. In my trunk and box you can get plenty of clothes. Give my love to mother, the girls too. May God bless you all, now and evermore, is my prayer and wish for you.—John Yates Beall."

It was his parting embrace.

*6. *Item.*—Letter from J. Y. B. to Col. J. Thompson, Confederate Commissioner, dated Fort Columbus, February 21, 1865.

*7. *Item.*—Letter from J. Y. B. to Colonel Ould, Commissioner Exchange, Richmond, Va.

8. Copy of will of J. Y. B. This was revoked, and Mr. Daniel B. Lucas named as executor, instead of Richard Arnold, in a later will, which was sent by General Dix to Mr. Lucas.

9. Copy of memoranda and list of names to whom his likeness was to be sent.

"Messrs McClure and Ritchie, Baltimore.

"Dear Friends: I make a few memoranda for you.

"*My Likeness.* Mrs. Sullivan has promised me to have five lockets, or something similar, for my sisters and betrothed, containing my likeness and hair. Give my likeness only to my friends. Destroy negative.

"*My Body.* Please bury neatly and plainly near here. Not to go to Virginia, at least, till after this war. It matters little where our bodies rest.

"*My Letters.* Preserve and give them to my family at your convenience.

"*My Debts and Expenses.* Pay them and call on Mr. D. B. Lucas to remunerate you. Assure anyone who has trusted me that I have not betrayed them.

"I again desire to thank Mr. Brady and you and all who have interested themselves in my behalf. Write a full account of everything you told me you all had done in my behalf and give it (and some newspapers) to mother."

To receive his picture were: Messrs Lucas and Lee, Hamilton, C. W.; Messrs McDonald, Thompson, Hyams, and Arnold, Toronto; Bennett G. Burley; Messrs Charles Aglionby, Francis Yates, Lynch, William B. Smith (Jefferson County Va.), General Pryor, Page; Mr. Allison, Fort Lafayette; Seven to my family; Mrs. Sullivan, 168 West Thirty-Fourth Street, N. Y., five pictures for lockets, etc., Joseph S. Smedley, Leamington, England.

10. *Item.*—Copy of a letter to Mrs. Janet Y. Beall from Albert Ritchie, dated Baltimore, Md., March 1, 1865. This letter of fifty pages is quoted, but not in its entirety, in the memoir.

11. *Item.*—Copy of a letter to Mrs. Janet Y. Beall from Rev. S. H. Weston, D.D., dated New York, 30 Lighthouse Street, March 3, 1865.

Says this latter gentleman: "Your son was humble and teachable as a child, and exhibited a most beautiful spirit from the beginning to the end. . . . He assured me he was in charity with all and freely forgave all, as he hoped to be forgiven."

This is more than I, an impartial observer, can say even to this day. . . . I can never forgive mankind the ingratitude which makes them seem hardly worthy of being saved.

Remains at least one personal letter from John Yates Beall to my father during their college days, and several photographs. The Bealls were intimate friends of our family, and I knew several of them personally—Mrs. Richard Henderson (Betty), Mrs. David Henderson (Annie), Miss Mary Beall, and Mr. William Beall. Janet and J. Y. B. Henderson frequently visited Rion Hall. With this prelude I start my quotation from the memoir:

"The Valley of Virginia, before its invasion by a Federal army, was one of the most beautiful regions on the continent, or, perhaps, in the world. . . . For magnificence of scenery, fertility of soil, wealth, cultivation and refinement of its inhabitants, no rural district of the United States excelled it. Harper's Ferry stood in relation to the Valley as the Pass of Morgarten to Switzerland, or Thermopylae to Greece, it was the door or gate, while Jefferson was the threshold through and over which an entrance was effected from the east.

"It was in the heart of this beautiful country that John Yates Beall was born on the first day of January, 1835. Walnut Grove, the farm of his father, George Beall, large in extent, fruitful in soil, and most highly improved by cultivation, took the premium at one of the State fairs of Virginia as the 'model farm' in her limits. This was not surprising, looking at the character of George Beall and the natural advantages of his farm. Few men excelled him in energy, industry, and systematic attention to business. He was the son of Hezekiah Beall, and either his father or grandfather is

set down by Kercheval in his 'History of the Valley of Virginia' as one of the earliest settlers. The family is (believed to be) the same as that of Georgetown, District of Columbia, after one of whom that town was named.

"Upon the father's side, John Yates Beall was in some way related to the McGruders, which is the English, or American, corruption of McGregor, the patronymic of the celebrated Rob Roy. Jean McGregor, the granddaughter of Rob Roy, married one Alexander McGregor, doubtless a kinsman, who, upon her death early in this century, removed to America, and from whom are descended the McGruders of Maryland and Virginia.

"But if upon the father's side John Y. Beall had in his veins the blood of the McGregors, upon his mother's he was descended in the direct line from 'Belted Will,' whose

"'Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt,'

that is, Sir William Howard, the hero of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'

"John Yates, descended from the Rev. Francis Yates and Mary Orfuer, great-great-great-granddaughter of the above-mentioned knight, was the grandfather of John Yates Beall. Adopted by his uncle, Charles Yates, he came to America at the age of thirteen. John Yates was a man of strongly marked character, and left his impress on the community in which he resided."

His interest to us is that his grandson resembled him, as we shall see:

"He had a strong, clearly cut English face, which in early life must have been very handsome. The tightly compressed lips indicated great firmness, while the expression of the eye gave earnest of the benignity and moral purity which were leading traits in his character. John Beall's face strongly resembled his grandfather's; at the same time there was not wanting to his features something of the peculiar intelligence, energy, and shrewdness of his father, George Beall. There was always, however, in his face a slight shade of sadness; of late years, since the war, this expression had deepened until it became more palpable, more fixed and habitual. This he himself explains in a letter published on a succeeding page of this volume, in which he says with feeling: 'I am old, prematurely old. Exposure, hardship, suffering, the drain of an unhealed wound, anxiety, hope deferred, have done the work of time on the body; they have not quenched my spirit, nor impaired the tenacity of my will.'

"This was said in November, 1862. Two years of further and greater trial, hardship, imprisonment, indignity, and the approach face to face of death never availed to quench his spirit nor impair the tenacity of his will even to the last.

"Up to the time of the breaking out of the war between the sections of the United States, there had been nothing remarkable in the career of young Beall, who was then twenty-six years of age. He had finished his education at the University of Virginia, where he remained three years, commencing with the session of 1852-53; his collegiate course was distinguished by nothing except a quiet, studious attention to all its duties. The author of the memoir was for a considerable portion of this period his roommate, and during the whole of it his 'most intimate friend.'

"He was entirely unambitious of college distinctions, as he was equally indifferent to fame, when he came to play his part in the wide theater of life. The modesty and reserve of his character combined to render the circle of his acquaintance at college very limited. With professors he had no intercourse out of the lecture rooms, where he enjoyed that consideration

and respect to which a studious, retiring gentleman was entitled, and which at this institution he ever commanded. Within the narrow circle of his intimate friends he was much beloved and recognized as a character as generous and fearless as he was modest, reticent, and retiring.

"During the last session at the university he took the classes of junior law and political economy. In both of these he was profoundly interested, and was persuaded by his friends to take such distinctions upon one or both as the college course allows; these were the only diplomas he ever received or stood for."

Thus are the college days of John Yates Beall accounted for. I interpolate here another reference to his grandfather to cover part of his precollege years. Quoting again from the memoir:

"George Beall belonged to the Virginia school of politics, the State-Rights-Democratic party; John Yates, on the other hand, retained all his English conservatism, and was a warm adherent of the Federal, or Whig, Party. . . . To the end of his life, John Yates was an Englishman in spirit; he never was denationalized upon the one hand, nor naturalized upon the other. It was not strange, therefore, that at an advanced age, his end, as it were, in hailing distance, he should desire to return to the 'old country' to die. He did so, and took with him a fair-haired, blue-eyed grandson and namesake of fifteen or sixteen years, John Yates Beall."

(After nursing his grandfather through his last illness, John Y. Beall returned to the States; he always kept up with his English cousins across the water.)

"Having finished his collegiate career in June, 1855, John Beall returned to his father's house in Jefferson. He had chosen law as a profession; never obtained license to practice. . . . It was about the 15th of August, 1855, that, in company with his oldest sister, he started for Dubuque, Iowa; his oldest brother was engaged in business there. They had got no further than New York when a dispatch overtook them; they returned only in time to see their father die. At the death of her husband, the family of Mrs. Beall consisted of herself and seven children—four daughters and three sons—all appealing to John for protection and guardianship. The plan of his life was changed; he took charge of his father's farm as agent of and manager for the executrix, his mother. He united himself to the Episcopal Church in Charles Town, the county seat of Jefferson, . . . represented the parish afterwards as a lay delegate to the diocesan convention held at Charlottesville, Va."

At the time of the John Brown raid, when Virginia was organizing her young men for self-defense, a company was formed in Jefferson called the Botts Grays. This John Y. Beall joined, and with this company he became a member of the famed Stonewall Brigade at the beginning of the war. On furlough, he was later engaged with Turner Ashby's cavalry at Harper's Ferry. There he was wounded, a ball penetrating his lung. . . . It is not necessary to further follow his soldier career, nor the daring and astonishing things which he did, or attempted. I have only given extracts to show how familiarly he was known to my father, and how unlikely it would be that a serious, orderly, and high-principled young man, such as all accounts show Beall to have been, that such an one would have been the intimate and boon companion of that dissipated, handsome, and, perhaps to some extent, charming young Marylander, John Wilkes Booth. And *the evidence is all the other way.*

Not an allusion in all his correspondence, nor in his diary, nor in his prison experience to the name of Booth; not to the

perhaps one or two real and the thousand fictitious conspiracies, the rumor of which terrorized the North of that day and have furnished, like many another hoax, food for the historically curious of later generations, always credulous of the evil and incapable of perceiving the really beautiful and heroic in all generations.

GREAT MAN OF LOUISIANA.

DUNCAN FARRAR KENNER, BORN FEBRUARY 11, 1813, DIED JULY 3, 1887.

Duncan F. Kenner, born in New Orleans, was the youngest son of William and Mary Minor Kenner. His father was one of the Legislative Council of New Orleans, appointed by the President of the United States after the Louisiana Purchase from the French. His mother was the daughter of Maj. Stephen Minor, who held the office of Commandant of Natchez, Miss., during the Spanish domination.

Duncan F. Kenner was educated in the United States, but, after completing his course at college, went to Europe, where he spent some time in travel and study. He spoke French fluently and at all times read a great deal.

Upon his return to Louisiana, he settled in Ascension Parish, upon the Ashland plantation, which he at first owned in connection with his brother, George, but the latter soon withdrew, and Mr. Kenner devoted himself with indefatigable energy to the development and improvement of Ashland, adding to its territory by buying adjoining plantations until it became one of the largest estates in Louisiana. On the 1st of June, 1839, he married Miss Nanine Bringier, whose father, Mr. Douradou Bringier, was largely interested in sugar planting.

Before the War between the States, Mr. Kenner served for some time in the State Legislature and the State Senate, representing the Parish of Ascension from 1836, almost without intermission, until 1869. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1844.

Being an ardent advocate for State Rights and for the principle that the people should have a voice in their own government, he warmly espoused the Confederate cause and from the first gave his whole service.

He was a member of the Provisional Congress held at Montgomery, Ala., and afterwards of the Confederate Congress at Richmond, and served as such during the whole war, becoming chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives. While in Richmond, he kept house with his friend, Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, then Secretary of War. Mr. Kenner was also a warm friend of President Davis.

Early in the winter of 1865, he was sent by the Confederate government on a diplomatic mission to the European powers, with power to dismiss and appoint envoys and ministers. He was given full liberty to treat with the powers as he thought best in order to obtain the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and to obtain advances necessary to carry on hostilities, on which advances the large amount of cotton held by the Confederate government was to be pledged to repay. He was also empowered to promise the abolition of slavery, for which he was at that time much in favor.

In order to reach England, he sailed on a steamer from the port of New York, passing through the Federal lines in Virginia and traveling by rail to New York City, where he stopped at the New York Hotel, then kept by Mr. Cranston, a warm Southern sympathizer and a personal friend of his.

The journey was full of peril, but though he wore no disguise, he was not recognized and made his way safely to England. However, though he was untiring in his efforts, he had not succeeded in accomplishing his purpose when the fall of the Confederacy put an end to the negotiations. An interesting account of this trip is to be found in "The Confederate Diplomats," by John Bigelow, Minister to France, 1864-67, page 136, in which he says:

"As soon as Kenner arrived in London, he sought an interview with Palmerston, to whom he unfolded his mission. Palmerston said the proposition could not be entertained without the concurrence of the Emperor of France. 'With the Emperor's concurrence, would you give us recognition?' said Kenner. 'That,' replied Palmerston, 'would be a subject for consideration when the case presents itself and may depend on circumstances which cannot be foreseen.' Kenner went to Paris and had an interview with the Emperor, who told him he would do whatever England was willing to do in the premises and would do nothing without her.

"Kenner then returned to Palmerston to report the Emperor's answer. During his absence the news of Sherman's successful march through the South had reached London, and Palmerston's answer to him was: 'It is too late.'"

After the close of the war, Mr. Kenner returned to New Orleans and subsequently to his plantation, where he endeavored, with great success, to avail himself of the improvements in machinery and advanced methods of cultivation. He was one of the first planters to introduce and use a portable railroad for the transportation of sugar cane. He was the first president of the Sugar Planters' Association of Louisiana, organized in 1877, and remained in office as long as he lived. He was also connected with the State Levee Board, which did valuable work for the State in rebuilding and strengthening the levees on the banks of the Mississippi River.

In 1882, he was a member of the Tariff Commission. He was also a member of the Senate and became a candidate for the United States Senate, but being opposed to the Louisiana State Lottery, he was not elected.

He was president of the Louisiana Jockey Club, having been much interested in racing before the war and having then a fine racing stable at Ashland. Indeed, there were few enterprises connected with the good of the State in which he did not take part, and he continued to lead a useful and valuable life up to the day of his death, July 3, 1887.

BEHIND THE HERO.

EDITORIAL IN NEWS AND OBSERVER, RALEIGH, N. C.

One of the unsung heroes of the Lindbergh flight is hailed by the *New York Times* in a news story that credits him—James H. Kimball, first assistant meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau—with the hope that "the Spirit of St. Louis will alight on the shoulder of a member of Congress and whisper in his ear" the desire of the Weather Bureau to establish a regular weather service over the North Atlantic that will prove as beneficial to navigation by ship as it has to the conquest of the air.

Behind every man who stands in the forefront of public acclaim there are others, sometimes hosts of others, who silently, in due course, without reward or hope of reward, have made the feat possible. This is not to take any credit away from any unsung heroes who, by chance, may be getting a little acclaim. But it is worth while going back nearly a hundred years to another young man—like Lindbergh, just twenty-five years old—who had a great thought and a great

faith. The young man was Matthew Fontaine Maury. While part of his accomplishment was prevented by the intervention of war, his achievement was sufficiently great and the benefits of it sufficiently lasting to entitle him to a permanent niche in history.

In a particularly revealing address on Maury delivered at the unveiling of a tablet to his memory in Goshen Pass, Va., in 1923, Dr. C. Alphonso Smith outlined the contribution which Maury's thought and his faith gave to the science of navigation. Said he:

"The great thought on which Maury was to build came to him at the age of twenty-five. It was in the year 1831. This thought was that the sea, if investigated, would be found to have its laws as constant, as uniform, as invariable as those of the land. Nature to Maury was one and indivisible. She was as sovereign over the three-fourths which was the liquid element as over that great one-fourth which was solid. The waves, the winds, the storms, the currents, the depths, and the temperatures of the sea were believed by Maury to constitute a system, a complex of cause and effect, constant in its regularity, perfect in its orderliness, and so mathematically interrelated that the mind of man could by patient investigation understand its phenomena and even forecast its processes. It was more than a theory with Maury. It was a faith, the kind of antecedent faith that had led Columbus, Galileo, Harvey, and Newton to their respective goals."

The process by which Maury charted the seas by recorded diaries of temperatures, air pressures, depths, winds, and current is history. Of its effects, Dr. Smith said:

"The effect on navigation was immediate and dramatic. As it was on the Falmouth, sailing from New York to Rio de Janeiro, that Maury had first thought about uniform winds and currents, he determined to make the first test of his charts on this route. The voyage was cut in half. In 1848, gold was discovered in California, and our great clipper ships began to race with their freights from New York around Cape Horn to San Francisco. The average voyage was one hundred and eighty-three days; it was reduced at once by Maury to one hundred and thirty-five days. One American clipper, the *Flying Cloud*, keeping close to Maury's sea lanes, accomplished the trip in eighty-nine days, making three hundred and seventy-four miles in one day. No Atlantic steamer of the time had made such a day's run. So favoring were the winds along Maury's routes that many an American clipper covered the sixteen thousand miles from New York to San Francisco without having to reef her topsails more than twice. Gold was discovered a little later in Australia, and the average trip from England to the Australian mines was reduced from one hundred and twenty-four days to ninety-seven days. The annual saving to the United States alone on freight to and from South America, China, and the East Indies was estimated at five million dollars. Maury found that zigzag routes had been followed from time immemorial on the trip from New York to Cape Horn, and that the Atlantic was crossed nearly three times needlessly on each voyage. Sailors had heard of terrible currents if they sailed straight, currents which Maury found to be mythical, but the fear of which had lengthened the voyage and multiplied the disasters of ships for over two hundred years. It is easy to estimate the saving of time and money that Maury effected; it is impossible to estimate the number of shipwrecks avoided."

In 1858, Maury wrote in one of his "Sailing Directions to Accompany the Wind Current Charts":

"As much as we have accomplished at sea, more yet can be accomplished through the magnetic telegraph on land. With a properly devised system of meteorological observa-

tions to be made at certain stations wherever the telegraph spreads its meshes, and to be reported daily by telegrams to a properly organized office, the shipping in the harbors of our seaport towns, the husbandman in the field, and the traveler on the road may all be warned of every extensive storm that visits our shores and while yet it is a great way off."

When Maury wrote these lines, the stage was being set for a disruption that would delay most ventures of peace and result in an even tardy recognition of his own achievement. After the war in which Maury gave his services to the Confederacy, he accepted a call to the chair of physics of the Virginia Military Institute. That chair became the platform of a continued effort to promote his chosen task of interpreting nature in terms of helping mankind, and only death, resulting from efforts that overtaxed his strength, cut short the propagation of the new movement.

And so, while Lindbergh scanned the weather reports and dreamed of a certain passage through the air to Paris, the dreams of another young man, nearly a hundred years ago, was making it possible for him to choose between flying in as much safety as nature will permit and flying in the face of certain failure. That young man was Matthew Fontaine Maury.

Over land and sea his spirit broods in abiding benediction.

HOT DAYS IN JULY, 1864.

BY POSEY HAMILTON, PLEASANT HILL, ALA.

What I remember of occurrences on the 3rd to 5th of July, 1864, will be told in the following. I was a soldier boy then, a member of the 10th Confederate Cavalry, under Joe Wheeler. We were on the north side of the Chattahoochee River in North Georgia, and our regiment was moving from place to place seemingly without anything special in view. We had come to a halt in a road by the side of an old field which had grown up in young pines, and all at once a load of canister came crashing through those pines right into our mounted cavalry. It was a complete surprise to our command and caused some disorder and confusion. Gen. John H. Kelley, our division commander, was near by and soon restored order. He sat on his horse right in front of our company while the Yankee cannon was pouring shot and shell into our regiment at a fearful rate, and General Wheeler rode up and spoke to General Kelley as though nothing unusual was going on. Wheeler was perfectly cool and showed no excitement whatever, yet both were liable to be killed at any minute. I had seen him in some dangerous places, but never saw him show the least excitement at any time. According to my way of thinking, the world never produced a braver man nor a better cavalry commander.

After the few words between the two generals, both turned back and rode away very slowly, and in a few minutes General Wheeler had ten pieces of artillery playing on those Yankees, the shells passing right over our command; and that drew the enemy's fire from us. It was a real artillery duel for perhaps a half hour, and then our regiment was dismounted and moved about two hundred yards into large timber, and we were directed to lie down for protection. Then it was those Yankee cannon were turned on us with canister and grape, shot and shell, and we were subjected to the most awful and dangerous cannonading that soldiers ever witnessed. It looked as though the last one of us would be killed, and yet we could not fire a gun, because we could not see a Yankee. We could have stood it better to be shooting at them also, but there were no small arms used. While we were lying there helpless through not being able to see the

enemy, a piece of shell hit the gun of Ruff Roberts and broke the barrel from the stock, also tearing a hole in his hat while on his head; but he was not hurt. That was the only time that I ever saw old Ruff excited. The shot that gave him such close call took away a part of his gun, and we never saw it again. The enemy's fire, so destructive and dangerous to our men, was also cutting down bushes and small growth. A solid shot cut off a limb from an oak tree, four inches in diameter, which came near falling on some of our men.

All of this took place on July 3, 1864. The 4th was very quiet, except for the capture of some fifty prisoners. On the 5th, General Wheeler's command fought the enemy's infantry in large force. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had crossed over the river with our infantry and left General Wheeler on the north side to hold the enemy in check until the wagon trains and everything else was safe on the south side of the Chattahoochee River. To an ordinary mind, it would seem that General Wheeler could not get out with his command while being so hard pressed by a large infantry force in front and the river in his rear, yet his command crossed over in good order on a pontoon bridge on foot, our horses having been sent ahead.

That pontoon bridge was the first that I had ever seen, and as there may be some people who don't know how they are made, it might be well to describe the thing. First, a large rope was stretched across the river and fastened to a tree on each side; then a number of small boats were placed side by side in the water and made fast to the big rope; then planks were laid across those boats, and other planks laid across the first planks, and the pontoon was ready for use.

After fighting desperately, we were ordered across, eight men abreast, and so close in rank that as fast as the man in front moved his foot, the next behind was ready for his place. That bridge was loaded to its full capacity. It looked as though one more man on it would sink it. The boats underneath us were dipping water. The whole thing, men and bridge was in motion, so the men had to be careful to stay on their feet. But it answered a good purpose.

While we were crossing, General Wheeler was still on the north side with about fifty men, charging desperately, which gave us time to cross over, and then he and his squad of men cut loose the rope and let the bridge swing with them on board to the other side. It took good generalship to cross our command over in front of a large army, but General Wheeler was equal to the task.

DEATH DID NOT DIVIDE THEM.

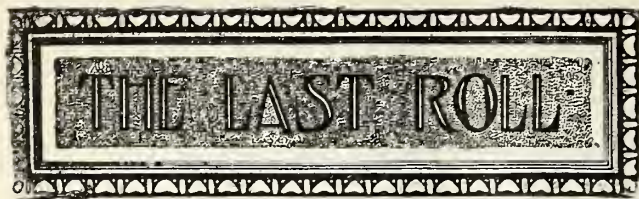
The little dog which followed Sergt. Michael Tierney through the World War has followed him in death.

Tierney was with the first American troops to reach France and was among the first to see actual fighting. He found the pup mourning over the body of a British Tommy in a shell hole.

Through the battles of Champagne-Marne, the Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and Argonne, the dog followed the sergeant. When the war was over, gas had weakened the soldier's lungs, and he was taken to Fort Sheridan, Ill., to recuperate. The dog went with him.

A few days ago Tierney realized he was to die. "When I go," he told his wife, "I want the pup to go with me. He's old now, he'd die anyway without me, and I can't bear to leave him."

The wish was complied with, and now they roam the Happy Hunting Grounds together.—*National Tribune.*!



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"When the dim lights are burning
For the soul,
And from the veteran's vision
The shadows roll,
He sees the cross he followed
All those years
And smiles—lay over him the flag—
The Flag of Tears."

COMMANDER OF THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

(From a memorial tribute by Mrs. Eva McDaniel to the late Gen. W. M. Wroten, Commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., whose death occurred on June 17, the following is taken:)

In the passing of Gen. W. M. Wroten, the Confederate veterans have lost a staunch friend and comrade, and the Mississippi Division, United Confederate Veterans, a beloved Commander, while the community in which he lived mourns the passing of an honored and useful citizen, both as physician and friend.

As a youth of fifteen years, W. M. Wroten volunteered in the service of his country, joining Stockdale's Cavalry, with which command he fought valiantly for home and country and the principles of right and justice. After the close of the terrible conflict, he returned to his native Mississippi and prepared to do his part in building up his beloved South, so ruthlessly laid waste by war, and he was ever active in all movements toward the betterment of his community, State, or section. Loyal to the cause for which he had fought, he was always interested in the welfare of his comrades in their declining years. He organized the veterans of Mississippi, and was serving as Commander of the Mississippi Division U. C. V., with rank of Brigadier General, at the time of his death. To his influence largely was due State appropriations for the benefit of Confederate veterans.

General Wroten was a member of the Methodist Church, and in its affairs took an active part, being a steward of his home Church at Magnolia, Miss.

W. J. THOMAS.

William John Thomas died at his home at South Charleston, W. Va., on June 27, aged eighty-two years. He was a pioneer of the Kanawha and Coal River Valleys; he was born on Coal River, April 14, 1845.

Young Thomas served actively during the War between the States as a private in Hale's (afterwards Jackson's) Battery, Virginia Light Artillery, and was captured by Federal troops in 1864. He was in the engagements at Drag Mountain, New Market, Gettysburg, the Shenandoah Valley, and in other large battles, and was with General McCausland at the capture of Chambersburg.

In June, 1875, Comrade Thomas was married to Miss Mary Rebecca Hamilton and is survived by three sons and a daughter. He was an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of South Charleston.

COL. HENRY S. FARLEY.

Col. Henry Saxon Farley, of Laurens, S. C., died on June 3, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. W. Pickells, at Flushing, N. Y. He was in his eighty-eighth year.

A graduate of West Point Military Academy, Colonel Farley received his commission of second lieutenant in the United States army, but resigned at the outbreak of the War between the States and entered the service of the Confederacy. He was immediately assigned by President Jefferson Davis to Fort Sumter, at Charleston, S. C., where he was an instructor in artillery. He later served with Generals Lee and Beauregard, and participated in the drilling of Confederate recruits at Mobile and New Orleans, where he was a member of the staff of General Stuart. At the close of the war he ranked as major. He then taught in several military schools, including Mount Pleasant Academy, N. Y., and toured the United States on the lecture platform.

During the later years of his life he engaged in mining at Albuquerque, N. Mex. He went to Flushing, N. Y., about five years ago, and that place continued to be his home.

Henry S. Farley was the son of William Farley, of an old Virginia family, and his mother was Miss Phœbe Downs, daughter of an old South Carolina family. He received his early military education at the Citadel, Charleston, S. C., and then proceeded to West Point. He was a typical soldier in figure and bearing, and portrayed the characteristics of a Southern gentleman of the old school.

He was survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Hamilton, of Virginia, and a daughter, also a brother.

JUDGE J. M. DOCKERY.

Judge James Marion Dockery, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of New Madrid County, Mo., passed away at his home near Conran, June 6, after some years of declining health. He was eighty-seven years of age.

James Dockery was born February 29, 1840, in Maury County, Tenn., near Columbia, and lived there until the outbreak of the War between the States, when he enlisted in the Maury Light Artillery, C. S. A. He was made a prisoner when his company surrendered at Fort Donelson, and was held at Chicago for seven months and then exchanged. He was at the siege of Port Hudson, and surrendered when wounded. After recovering from his wounds, he was released on parole. Upon exchange, he reentered the service and was on detached service with the ordnance department at Mobile, Ala., until evacuation. At the close of the war he returned at his home near Columbia. In 1869, he moved to New Madrid County, Mo., where his occupation had been farming. He had twice served as associate judge of the county court. In 1869 he became a Mason, joining the Lodge at Santa Fe, Tenn. Upon his removal to Missouri, his membership was changed to Point Pleasant Lodge, now located at Conran, and he had served the lodge as Worshipful Master several terms. He was a member of the Christian Church.

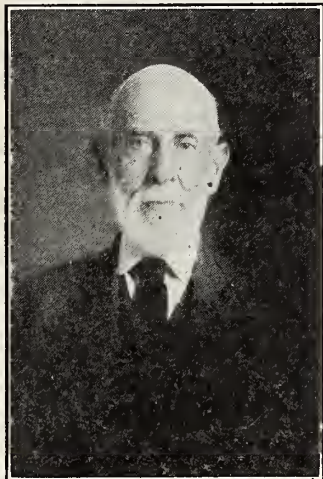
Comrade Dockery was married three times, and to these unions were born six sons and two daughters.

After funeral services at the residence, his mortal remains were laid to rest, with full Masonic honors, in the New Hope Cemetery near Marston, Mo.

CYRUS S. CREIGH.

This aged, loyal, and much-beloved Confederate veteran, born in the town of Lewisburg, Va., on May 12, 1836, died at the home of his niece by marriage, Mrs. John N. Opie, in Baltimore, Md., on February 13, 1927, aged ninety years. He was laid to rest in beautiful Thomrose Cemetery, at Staunton, Va. In that town he had married Miss Margaret Tate, of Augusta County, many years before.

Early in the outbreak of the war of the sixties, Mr. Creigh volunteered for the defense of Virginia and the South, enlisting in the Greenbrier Cavalry, which became a noted unit of the 14th Regiment, Virginia Volunteers, Jenkins's Brigade, later commanded by



CYRUS S. CREIGH

Gen. John McCausland. Serving in the 14th Regiment and for awhile in another branch of the service, Mr. Creigh gave four years of his early manhood to his duties as a soldier, and after the surrender at Appomattox, in April, 1865, he returned to his home with an untarnished record of faithful service, his comrades all agreeing that with fidelity, courage, and devotion he had played well his part in the unequal struggle to the end.

Mr. Creigh was the eldest of the large family of David S. Creigh, a prominent and honored citizen of Greenbrier, and Emily Arbuckle, his wife. All were born under the shadow of the "Old Stone" Presbyterian Church at Lewisburg, brought up in its faith, and taught to accept its creed as the best interpretation of God's will as revealed in the Holy Scriptures. Coming to the years of maturity after careful home and religious training under propitious circumstances and the conditions, Cyrus Creigh was ready and eager to assume the now extraordinary duties and responsibilities of the citizen or the soldier and to discharge them in the fear of God and with intelligence and courage to the credit of himself and the satisfaction of his people. As soldier and citizen, Christian and Mason, man and gentleman, his conduct was ever in keeping with the principles he professed. His life was exemplary, clean, and consistent, challenged criticism, and excited the admiration of all. His sincerity and cordiality, amiability and gentleness won for him and held fast the love and affection of his kin and a host of admiring friends, who rejoice that he was spared to reach his fourscore and ten years always in the enjoyment of good health and was active and vigorous in body and mind to the last.

ROBERT J. DUNNAM.

Robert J. Dunnam, who died recently at Camden, Ala., was born in Monroe County, Ala., November 22, 1837. He was married to Miss Frances Rebecca Ridgeway, in December, 1865, and seven children were born to them, three only surviving.

On September 20, 1861, young Dunnam enlisted in the Confederate army, under the lamented Capt. Josiah Robins, 3rd Alabama Cavalry, Hagan's Brigade. His first battle

was Shiloh, and he then participated in all of the battles of the Tennessee campaign, and several engagements in Kentucky, South and North Carolina. He was a good soldier; was never wounded or captured. He had courage and the fortitude to suffer many hardships without complaint. Patience and endurance characterized his life. In his death a good man has passed away whose memory will live with time. Those who knew him best, loved him most. His was a kindly nature. He was considerate and just in his dealings and possessed those qualities of mind and heart that stamped him a true man in every sense that the word implies.

ALBERT O. ALLEN, SR.

On Easter Sunday, Albert O. Allen, senior editor of the *Record*, of New Madrid, Mo., passed into rest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. D. Reilly, Jr., at Omaha, Nebr. He was born December 12, 1841, on a farm near Fredericktown, Mo., a son of N. B. and Sarah Bolinger Allen. As a boy of sixteen, he went to New Madrid and served as assistant in the office of the circuit clerk of New Madrid County. When the war came on two years later, he enlisted for service in the Confederate army, joining the 1st Missouri Infantry, and served throughout the war.

Returning to New Madrid in 1866, he established the *Record*, which he owned to his death, and which he had conducted so successfully. He was one of the leading citizens of that community, and was honored by many responsible appointments. At the age of twenty-three, he was elected to the State legislature, which was the beginning of his political career; he was the first school commissioner to serve in New Madrid County, and later received the appointment of U. S. Swamp Land Commissioner under President Cleveland; for twenty-six years he served in public office at Jefferson City, for four years being State auditor. In 1905 he returned to New Madrid and took active charge of his newspaper, which he edited until two years ago, when failing health caused his retirement. He was taken ill while with his daughter in Omaha, and was preparing to return to New Madrid, which he always called his home, when death intervened.

Comrade Allen was married in 1881 to Miss Laura Watson, and to them were born four children, a son and three daughters, who survive him. His body was brought back to New Madrid and there interred in Evergreen Cemetery by the side of the beloved wife, with Masonic ceremonies. He was a member of the Knights Templar at Jefferson City.

CAPT. JOHN A. LEECH.

A great loss was sustained by the David O. Dodd Camp, No. 325 U. C. V., of Benton, Ark., in the death of Commander John A. Leech, on May 10, 1926, at his home near Benton. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter. He had reached the age of eighty-three years.

Comrade Leech served with Company B, 1st Arkansas Infantry, his first engagement being at Shiloh, where thirty-six members of his company were killed or wounded. He was in all of the battles of the Army of Tennessee, and was honorably paroled at the surrender of Joe Johnston's army in May, 1865. He was a faithful soldier of the Confederacy, beloved by his comrades, and ever interested in the Confederate organization. He was the last survivor of his company, so far as known, there having been one hundred and fifty of them from first to last.

A Christian gentleman, a loyal and useful citizen, he has entered upon the reward of the faithful.

[D. M. Cloud, Adjutant.]

REV. J. H. WHITE.

At the Beauvoir Confederate Home, on May 30, 1927, the spirit of our friend and comrade, Rev. J. H. White returned to its Maker. He had been ill for many months, and bore his sufferings with the same patience and courage which had sustained him as a soldier of the Confederacy. His devoted companion of more than fifty years survived him but a short while, dying on June 15.

Comrade White was born September 12, 1845, the son of a physician who settled on a farm in Octibbeha County, Miss., and there reared a large family. When war came on in 1861, young White joined Company E, of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, and his entire service as a soldier was rendered in Virginia under that great soldier and Christian gentleman, Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was captured at the enemy's breastworks at Gettysburg on the 3rd of July, 1863, and was kept prisoner at Fort Delaware till the close of the war.

After his release from prison, he returned home and entered the ministry of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He served a Church near Byhalia, Miss., in the eighties, my home town, when we worked shoulder to shoulder in driving out the saloons. Later, Brother White entered the missionary field in the West, serving in Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Texas, and he did some active work in Oregon. After this work of long duration in the West, he returned to Louisville, in Winston County, Miss., and he and his wife lived there for some years among friends, and about a year ago entered the Beauvoir Confederate Home. It was while living at Louisville that they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. A daughter survives them.

[Marcus D. Herring, Beauvoir, Miss.]

GEORGE W. MILLER.

Reading the article in the VETERAN for November, 1926, on "A Cavalry Company of Volunteers," by T. M. Mosely, of West Point, Miss., moves me to write concerning one of those brave and true volunteers, having been called as his pastor to attend his funeral rites, conducted by brethren of the local Masonic fraternity, of which he had long been an honored member. He died in the triumph of the Christian's faith.

George W. Miller was born in Jackson County, Ala., August 31, 1846, his father moving to LaFayette County, Miss., in 1848. Young Miller served in the Confederate army during the last two years of the war as a member of Company K, 8th Mississippi Regiment, under Colonel Duff, McCullough's Brigade, his command being consolidated with the 6th Mississippi just before the surrender and retaining that name. He was surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865, under Colonel Brown.

George Miller was married to Miss Victoria Hawkins in 1865; she died in 1882, and his second wife was Miss M. E. Burton. He took his family to the Indian Territory, Cherokee Nation, in 1892, where his wife died in 1898. The last several years of his life were spent at Indianola, Okla., where his death occurred on October 28, 1926, survived by a son and two daughters. He was a member of the Jeff Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Indianola.

[Rev. E. H. Wininger, Canadian, Okla.]

GEORGIA COMRADES.

The following Confederate veterans in Cobb County, Ga., have died since July 1, 1926:

J. H. Goodwyn, Company A, 1st Georgia Regiment; Joseph Eaton, Company I, 7th Georgia; W. M. Davis, Com-

pany A, 7th Georgia; T. J. Helton, Company A, 18th Georgia. J. A. Garrison, Company E, 27th Georgia Battalion Infantry; [J. G. Morris, Commander Camp No. 763, U. C. V. R. deT. Lawrence, Adjutant.]

A. C. LOYD.

A. C. Loyd, who departed this life on January 12, 1927, at his home near Bridgeport, Ala., was born in Granville County, N. C., on November 18, 1836, and had thus passed his ninetyeth year.

When he was only eight years old his parents went to Middle Tennessee to establish a new home, so he knew the hardships of pioneer life. At the age of seventeen he went to Atlanta, Ga., to assist his uncle, Capt. James Loyd, in Washington Hall Hotel, and he remained in Georgia until the opening of the War between the States. He at once enlisted in the Confederate army, his company being known as the West Point Guards. It was ordered to Augusta, Ga., and immediately mustered into service, being then known as Company D, 4th Georgia Infantry. The company was sent at once to



A. C. LOYD.

Virginia, and helped to guard Hampton Roads. Much of the time was spent in drilling, standing guard, etc., but they witnessed the exciting battles between the Virginia (Merri-mac) and the Cumberland, Congress, and Monitor.

Ordered to Richmond, they took part in the battle of Seven Pines and the seven days fighting around Richmond. A. C. Loyd was present at Chancellorsville, and heard the fatal shots that wounded the immortal Jackson. He was captured at Gettysburg and sent to Fort Delaware, and three months later he was transferred with other Georgia troops to Point Lookout, Md.

When the war was over, having nothing left save honor, health, and unbounded energy, he at once went back to the plow in Bedford County, Tenn. In 1867 he was married to Miss Tennie Johnson, of Bridgeport, Ala., and to this happy union twelve children were born, eight of whom are living, with the faithful wife and mother.

Industry, honesty, cheerfulness, and a desire to help others were his chief characteristics. He had been a member of the Church of Christ for about fifty-eight years, and rejoiced in the service of his Master. No movement was ever advocated in his community for its upbuilding that did not receive his hearty support. The warmth of his smile, the sunshine of his love, the tenderness of his caress, the wisdom of his counsel, the ready wit of his conversation, are sadly missed by his loved ones. The memory of his useful, beautiful life, so full of love, sympathy, and smiles, is a legacy for his children, his forty-two grandchildren, and fifteen great-grandchildren more precious than rubies. He gave a home to his orphan grandchildren, and many other unfortunate ones found a refuge beneath his roof.

After the funeral services, his body, in the casket of Confederate gray, was laid to rest in Rocky Spring Cemetery, with full Masonic honors.

OKLAHOMA COMRADES.

The following members of Cherokee Camp, No. 1550 U. C. V., of Bartlesville, Okla., have died this year:

John Barton Cole, born October 27, 1840, died March 26, 1927. He enlisted in August, 1863, in Jerry South's Company, of Hawkins's Regiment, was in the battles of Jacksontown, Cumberland Gap, Gladesville, W. Va., and others. He was captured in Kentucky and confined in Camp Wildcat; was paroled April 10, 1865.

Capt. Edward Norris Requa, born June 18, 1838, died April 24, 1927. In 1861 he enlisted in a company in Nevada, Mo., and was elected captain at the age of twenty-three. His company was placed in Colonel Hunter's Regiment, Raines's Brigade, Price's army. He took part in the battles of Wilson's Creek, Dry Wood, Lexington, Lone Jack, and others. On Price's last raid in Missouri, he was captured at Springfield and held prisoner there till the close of the war.

Dr. Columbus Fair Walker, born December 19, 1844, died April 26, 1927. He joined the Confederate army on July 22, 1862, Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion, Wharton's Brigade, and served in Virginia under Lee, in the commands of Ramseur and Early; surrendered at Kingston, Ga., May 16, 1865.

Lem A. Bivin, born October 16, 1840, died May 23, 1927. He enlisted in Missouri State Militia, June, 1861, in Capt. Francis Cockrell's Company, Bainbridge's Regiment, Price's Army. After the battle of Shiloh, they were sworn into the regular Confederate service. He was in the battles of Springfield and Lexington, Mo., Pea Ridge, Ark., Shiloh, Tenn., and Grand Gulf, Miss. He was captured at Grand Gulf and confined twenty-two months in Camp Morton, Ind.

[C. H. Gill, Commander.]

CAPT. R. D. GEORGE.

Capt. R. D. George, Sr., passed away on June 6, at the family home at Bloomington Grove, Tex., after a long illness following a serious injury from a fall in April, 1926.

Robert Dewilda George was the son of Joseph and Nancy George, natives of North Carolina and Georgia, respectively, and pioneer settlers of Wilcox County, Ala. Robert George was born in Camden, Ala., November 21, 1841, and was the last survivor of the family of nine children. He gave up his school work and the study of law to enlist in the Confederate army, serving under Captain Steedman, whose company of infantry left Wilcox County for points in Florida, going immediately into active service. Young George was wounded once, and was captured and kept in prison for six months. While at home on a brief furlough, he was married, on March 1, 1864, to Miss Elizabeth David McMillan, then went back to the army and served to the close, being discharged as a captain at Greensboro, N. C.

Returning to Alabama, he made his home at Camden until in December, 1891, just after Christmas dinner in the old home, the family left for Bloomington Grove, Tex. Nine children were born to this union, five daughters and four sons, all surviving him, with twenty-four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Captain George was a man who loved books, the best literature, and used his pen a great deal in writing political articles and essays. He also loved the invigorating association with the open air with his dog, gun, and reel. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church at Bloomington Grove, the active pallbearers being chosen principally from his grandsons. He will be remembered as a man of sterling character and one of the leading citizens wherever he made his home.

JOHN M. NEELY.

John M. Neely died at the home of his son, Charles Neely, at Cedar Bluff, Ala., on October 30, 1926, and his body was interred in the Cedar Bluff Cemetery. He was born May 24, 1844, at Larkinsville, Ala., and on June 9, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army at Fort Payne, Ala. Joining, first, the cavalry, he served with Company B, of the 3rd Confederate Regiment, under Col. W. M. Estes, and in March 1863, he was transferred to White's Battery, of Robinson's Battalion of Artillery, with which he served to the end, being paroled May 1, 1865, at Augusta, Ga. He participated in the battles of Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Knoxville, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Atlanta, also Aiken, Columbia, and Camden, in South Carolina.

His father, Rev. James A. Neely, was holding the pastorate of the Center Methodist Church at Cedar Bluff in 1860-61, and during that time John Neely worked in the office of the *National Democrat*, edited by John J. Pratt, inventor of the "Pterotype," later known as the Remington and Hammond typewriters.

"John Neely," as fond friends knew him, was a Christian gentleman and the highest type of citizen. He served his day well and leaves an exemplary record to his memory.

He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter.

WILLIAM S. GRADY.

William S. Grady, affectionately known to friends as "Major Grady," died at his home in Greenville, S. C., on April 19, after a long illness. He was born at Dahlonga, Ga., the son of John W. Grady, a prominent merchant of Greenville, and was a first cousin to the late Henry W. Grady, the famous journalist and orator of Atlanta, Ga.

As a boy in his teens, William Grady ran away from home to enlist in the cause of the Confederacy, and he became a member of the fourth class of 1865 of the South Carolina military schools, which was made up of cadets from all over the State. He was assigned to Company A of



MAJ. W. S. GRADY.

the Arsenal Battalion at Columbia in December, 1864, or January, 1865, of which Capt. J. P. Thomas was commander. This battalion left Columbia in February, 1865, on the approach of Sherman's army, going through the eastern part of the State and into North Carolina, returning to Spartanburg, then to Greenville, S. C., where it camped until May 1, 1865, when it went to Newberry and was disbanded by order of Governor Magrath on May 9, 1865.

Throughout his life, Comrade Grady was devoted to the cause for which he had fought and was ever actively interested in his comrades of those days of war. He was on the staff of Gen. W. H. Cely, commanding a brigade of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., and held the rank of major.

Major Grady was married to Miss Elizabeth Earle, daughter of Dr. William Earle, and he is survived by two sons and two daughters, also by one sister. He was a member of the Baptist Church.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. *Second Vice President General*
186 Bethlehem Pike

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Recording Secretary General*

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. *Treasurer General*
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St Louis, Mo. *Registrar General*
5330 Pershing

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Foré, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: As was stated in my letter in the last issue, the National Red Cross were most courteous in extending an invitation to our organization to be represented at the reception to the young aviator, Lindbergh. It being impossible for the President General to leave her office at that time, Mrs. P. H. Lane, Second Vice President General, kindly agreed to represent us. Mrs. Lane writes of the courtesies extended her as the representative of our organization by Miss Boardman, of the Red Cross. She was one of eight women representing organizations—the Colonial Dames, Daughters of American Revolution, United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Federation of Women's Clubs, War Mothers, and the Daughters of 1812. She states that they were always placed in excellent positions in order to see and to hear. At the Washington Monument exercises, when President Coolidge conferred the Distinguished Flying Cross on Colonel Lindbergh, they were immediately in front of the speakers, and there were about 250,000 people surrounding them.

In the evening they had tickets to the Minnesota dinner and reception at the Willard, and later to the Auditorium, where the National Press Association gave a reception and entertainment in Colonel Lindbergh's honor.

On Sunday morning they went to the Cathedral for services, and in the afternoon to the Arlington Cemetery, where Colonel Lindbergh placed a wreath on the tomb of the unknown soldier.

Mrs. Lane writes that it was wonderful to have this opportunity of being a part of such a celebration in honor of this modest, clean, and wholesome boy, standing there among the greatest of our land, taking the honors of a nation with such dignity and simplicity.

It is gratifying to us to have this attention shown a representative of our organization, and we are grateful to our Vice President General for so ably representing us.

NEW CHAPTERS CHARTERED, 1927.

The Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Bashinsky, reports the organization of the following Chapters:

Choctaw Ruffin Dragoons, Butler, Ala., No. 1921; Esin Petris Caldwell, Kissimmee, Fla., No. 1922; Mary Custis Lee, Ulen Rose, Tex., No. 1923; Col. John A. Fite, Sarasota, Fla., No. 1924; Harrellsville Heroes, Harrellsville, N. C., No. 1925; Newmansville, Alachua, Fla., No. 1926; Peter Turney, Winchester, Tenn., No. 1927; Clifton, Newport, Tenn., No. 1928; Elizabeth Musgrove, Jasper, Ala., No. 1929; Gen. Bob Hutton, Watertown, Tenn., No. 1930; Plant City, Plant City, Fla., No. 1931; Richmond Junior, Richmond, Va., No. 1923;

Louisa McDonald, Blackstock, S. C., No. 1933; Thomas Moore Woods, Sulligent, Ala., No. 1934; Cambridge, Cambridge, Mass., No. 1935; Wilson T. Wakefield, League City, Tex., No. 1936; Pleasant Green Moore, Granite Falls, N. C., No. 1938; Sumter, Sumter, S. C., No. 1939.

TRANSPORTATION.

Mrs. Walter T. Allen, of Richmond, Va., Chairman of Transportation, has served us most ably for several years past in this position. She has succeeded this year in getting very satisfactory rates. She writes that she may feel a little discouraged with the time limit in the East, but she is much gratified with the improvement in the Western territory, especially California and Washington. She has succeeded in getting rates on the one and one-half fare basis. Certificates can be secured by Division Presidents or Transportation Committee from the General Transportation Committee. See page 113 of the Richmond Minutes. The third recommendation of Mrs. Allen's report reads as follows: "Division Presidents and Division Transportation Committees will in the future write to the General Chairman of Transportation not later than November 1, naming the number of certificates desired by the Division, as it is impossible for the General Chairman to estimate on the Division delegates, which necessitates a back call, incurring the expense of postage and time."

In Washington and California tickets may be bought between November 3-9, and will be good for thirty days.

In the East tickets will be on sale November 10-16, the final limit being November 25, 1927.

This information is given through the VETERAN for the convenience of the Divisions, and it is hoped that they will bear it in mind.

The rate of the Francis Marion Hotel, which will be the Headquarters of the convention, have been published, and copies of these have been sent to each Division President.

Equally as good rates are given by the Fort Sumter Hotel, which is most suitable in every way, and which is about eleven blocks down King Street from the Francis Marion Hotel.

The Villa Margherita, on the Battery, a favorite tourist resort, will also be open.

IN MEMORIAM.

Again we are called upon to mourn the passing of an Honorary President of the U. D. C., Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, of North Carolina.

Surrounded by her family and beloved friends, she peacefully entered into the other life.

The love she felt for this organization, in which she has so conspicuously and ably figured for many years, was evinced even at the last. Mentally strong and alert, she was engaged within a few weeks of her death in writing friends concerning the welfare of the U. D. C.

Her strong mentality, her great courage, and her loyalty will make her truly lamented, and her memory will be cherished by those associated with her in this work.

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

"A land without ruins is a land without memories;
A land without memories is a land without history."

Alabama.—On her coat-of-arms blazes the ancient legend, "Here we rest," but the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Alabama will never rest until every spot where hallowed memories cling has been marked in some appropriate way.

The Robert E. Rhodes Chapter, of Tuscaloosa, through the untiring work of its most efficient and beloved President, Mrs. Charles N. Maxwell, Sr., unveiled during the State convention there in May a beautiful memorial tablet of bronze on the bridge over the Black Warrior River, with this inscription: "Here the cadets of the University of Alabama engaged the Federal cavalry on the night of April 4, 1865. Erected by Robert E. Rhodes Chapter, U. D. C., May, 1927."

The valor of those young cadets was in vain. The Federals entered the city, going to the university, where all buildings except the roundhouse were destroyed by fire. The university had been graduating young officers and sending them on to the Confederate front. This was an incentive to the Federals to burn the university.

This tablet was dedicated by the State's chief executive, Gov. Bibb Graves, and unveiled by Miss Emmie Louise Rhodes, granddaughter of the Gen. Robert E. Rhodes, for whom the local Chapter is named.

Montgomery, proud of having been the home of a Hilliard and a Yancy, Sophie Bibb Chapter placed with appropriate exercises a bronze tablet to mark the pew of Mr. William L. Yancy in the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member and elder. The other tablet was placed at the beautiful home erected by Henry W. Hilliard, at the head of Washington Street.

Mrs. R. B. Broyles, State President, U. D. C., installed the officers of Sophie Bibb Chapter for the ensuing year. At this time gold coins were bestowed upon two veterans, Messrs. Young and Yelnuton.

* * *

California.—Under the splendid leadership of Mrs. Rudolph Frederick Blankenburg, President, California Division held one of the most delightful and interesting conventions in San Francisco, at which the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. R. F. Blankenburg; First Vice President, Mrs. B. B. McCall; Second Vice President, Mrs. W. B. Pressley; Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. H. Allison; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Maynie Bond Smith; Treasurer, Miss Kathryn Burkett; Historian, Mrs. F. B. Harrington; Registrar, Mrs. C. F. Scattergood; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. B. A. Davis; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. J. R. Kemp; Director of Children, Mrs. J. W. Wilhoit; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Gray Carroll Stribling.

Mrs. Spencer Rowan Thorpe, of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, was given the high honor of being unanimously elected Honorary State President of the California Division.

Robert E. Lee Chapter was also given the State prize for having bestowed the greatest number of Crosses of Service, while, Mrs. M. C. Thomas, of that Chapter, was awarded the medal for the best essay read at the convention.

Robert Bruce Summerfield, Jr., President of the Flora Tieman Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, and his sister, little Betsy Landcraft Summerfield, entertained Camp No. 770 U. C. V. at their home in Los Angeles, May 1. Thirteen veterans, together with Sons, Daughters, and Children of the Confederacy, totaling forty-five guests, enjoyed a demonstration of genuine old Virginia hospitality in the Summerfield home. A delicious luncheon, a pleasant social program, and a business session, at which the Camp received the report of Commander Simmons on the Tampa Convention, were features of the meeting.

A tribute of good wishes, in verse, was presented to the young host commemorating this, the first, occasion when the Camp has been received officially by the third generation, or Children of the Confederacy. This was written by Dr. A. J. Stalnaker, a distinguished veteran from the young host's ancestral State, West Virginia.

Camp No. 770 U. C. V. is the oldest Confederate organization on the Pacific Coast, and still "going strong."

* * *

Illinois.—Illinois Division again observed Memorial Day in its own beautiful and impressive manner at Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, on May 30. The Confederate monument there, perhaps one of the handsomest in the country, was decorated by the Daughters with red and white roses and calla lilies, nestling in festoons of gray Southern moss; while the Children of the Confederacy banked their flowers at the base, and Camp No. 8 U. C. V., and the Hyde Park and the Woodlawn Posts of the American Legion each placed large wreaths on the monument in reverent homage to the six thousand brave souls who dared and suffered all things in the dark days of 1861-65, for their ideals of right and justice.

Every Daughter of the Confederacy can but thrill with pride at the sight of this magnificent shaft, its base bearing bronze tablets six feet tall on which are engraved the names, State, company, and regiment of six thousand Confederate soldiers, rising in the center of its own mound and guarded by cannon and stacked cannon balls. The green lawn, the beautiful shrubs, the very atmosphere of the spot, leads the mind from ghastly thoughts of prison and of agony to heroism of the truest sort, endurance, fortitude, faith, loyalty, sacrifice, pride; love of country and of right dominating over physical ills and hope of private gain.

This year the Daughters were assisted on the program not only by Camp No. 8 U. C. V., but by Camp Robert E. Lee, Sons of Confederate Veterans; an impressive military service was rendered by the Hyde Park Post, American Legion, and the full vested choir of the Holy Cross Episcopal Church again lent a touch of religious solemnity to the scene, leading in song and giving several appropriate solos. A vast group of Chicago people, friends and strangers, always attend the ceremonial at Oakwood Cemetery, and thus Southern principle and Southern ideals are impressed upon the Northern mind.

Following closely upon Memorial Day came the birthday of Jefferson Davis, when Chicago Chapter entertained the Division, the Veterans, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Mrs. A. O. Simpson again opened her home for this occasion, and in her cordial hospitality lived up to the traditions of the Old South. A delightful program of music and readings was rendered, while tributes to Jefferson Davis and his states-

manship were given by Col. John A. Lee, Commander of the Central Division, S. C. V.; by Judge Chamblin, Commander of Camp Robert E. Lee, S. C. V.; and by Mr. D. J. Carter, Adjutant of Camp Robert E. Lee, whose wife is now serving Illinois Division faithfully as its honored President.

Truly "love makes memory eternal," and the Daughters are ever proud to render homage to the memory of those brave men

"Whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor."

* * *

Florida.—Florida Division is holding, for the first time in its history, district meetings; the first held was at Marianna with the William Henry Milton Chapter, as hostess to the First Brigade District. Mrs. D. A. McKinnon, Vice President of the Brigade, ably presided over the interesting program. On May 10, the Second Brigade District held a meeting in Gainesville, with the two Chapters there as hostesses, the Kirby Smith and J. J. Finley Chapters, Mrs. H. H. McCreary and Mrs. W. E. Stokes, Presidents, respectively. Mrs. Stokes was called away by illness in her family, and the Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Spencer, ably directed the Chapter's affairs. Mrs. S. B. Phifer, Second Vice President, presided over this district meeting. The President of Florida Division, Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, was present at both gatherings and gave addresses. Several new Chapters have been organized during the year, and an increased membership is reported in all Chapters. The Children of the Confederacy have also enrolled new members.

Historical articles have from time to time appeared in the pages of the Florida papers. Just prior to the birthday of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Division sent out by Associated Press of Florida to more than thirty daily papers a notice containing an extract from the splendid address by Bishop Galloway on Jefferson Davis, which appeared in all the daily papers. The Florida Division maintains a page in the *Times-Union* every first Sunday in the month; this paper is published in Jacksonville and has the largest circulation of any paper in the State.

At the recent legislature, pensions for the Confederate soldiers were increased to \$50 per month. All bills presented to the legislature of 1927, April and May, in the interest of Confederate and U. D. C. affairs were passed, and all of these bills carried appropriations.

A significant fact on Memorial Day, April 26, was that the Florida legislature assembled under two flags. All day from the cupola of the Capitol, the \$300 silk Confederate flag, won by the Sons of Florida at the Tampa reunion, floated in the air; while the Confederate soldier was eulogized by the legislators at a special hour of the morning session.

* * *

Louisiana.—Unveiling of markers on the Jefferson Davis Highway and the decoration of tombs of Confederate dead featured the observance of Jefferson Davis's birthday, Confederate Memorial Day, in New Orleans.

Twenty-five members of New Orleans Chapter assembled at the East Pearl River bridge, where they were met by a delegation of Mississippi Daughters, and markers on both sides of the bridge were unveiled, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, President of New Orleans Chapter, acting for the local Chapter. Speakers included Carl Marshall, representing Governor Murphree, of Mississippi, Mrs. B. S. Chinn, of Laurel, President of the Mississippi Division, and Mrs. Feeney Rice, Highway Director of Louisiana Division.

The delegation returned in time to dedicate a similar marker at Canal and Broad streets, New Orleans, on the same day. This marker was presented to the city by Mrs. Ritayik and accepted by Commissioner Hall, acting for Mayor O'Keefe.

Shipment of two thousand garments to the victims of the flood through the Red Cross was reported by Miss Lise Allain, flood relief chairman, at a meeting of New Orleans Chapter No. 72, at Memorial Hall, on June 6.

Ruston Chapter observed Memorial Day by decorating the graves of Confederate soldiers and of those of its members who had passed on and by a most appropriate and beautiful memorial service held at the cemetery pavilion immediately afterwards, at which one Cross of Honor was presented. Other Chapters in the State paid similar tribute to the occasion.

* * *

Maryland.—A meeting to commemorate the one hundred and nineteenth birthday of President Jefferson Davis was held at the Hotel Belvedere by Baltimore Chapter No. 8, on June 3, Mrs. Henry J. Berkeley, President, presiding.

An address was delivered by Mr. William L. Marbury, followed by a beautiful musical program of Southern songs. The Division President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, gave a brief talk, and Mrs. J. W. Westcott, First Vice President, a brief synopsis of work of the Jefferson Davis Highway, followed by Mrs. F. P. Canby, former President of the Maryland Division, on the Reconstruction period.

Miss Elizabeth West, Recorder, presented a Military Cross of Service to Mrs. Eugene Cordell in honor of her son, Littleton Tazewell Cordell, killed in France, and Crosses of Honor for her husband's and father's records, C. S. A. Crosses of Honor were also presented to John Earl McQuade (World War Cross), John W. Hayden, Mrs. B. E. Reynolds.

Memorial services for Confederate soldiers and sailors were conducted on June 6 at Loudoun Park Cemetery, Baltimore, under the auspices of the Maryland Division. Hymns were chanted by the full vested choir of Mount Calvary Church, with organ accompaniment. Rev. Page Dame, rector of Memorial Episcopal Church, and Rev. Dr. Wyatt Brown, rector of St. Michael and All Angels, made addresses.

Mrs. Paul Iglehart, President, entertained at a delightful luncheon members of the Executive Board, Presidents of Chapters, and Chairmen of Committees, followed by an open meeting discussion of Division activities.

The Henry Kyd Douglass Chapter, Hagerstown, together with a detachment from Company B, Henry Kyd Douglas Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Memorial Association, formed for the purpose of decorating Confederate graves, held memorial services June 6. Mr. F. Brooke Whiting gave a stirring address, and a musical program included the singing of "America the Beautiful" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," by a male quartet group. After the benediction a volley was fired by Company B and taps was sounded by the bugler.

Mrs. Lee O. Cohill, of Clear Spring, was elected President of Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter at its annual meeting, June 4. Mrs. J. McLaughlin, retiring President, was presented with a Cross of Service for her son, J. B. McLaughlin, who served as a captain in the World War.

* * *

Missouri.—The George Edward Pickett Chapter, of Kansas City, gave an annual luncheon at the Hotel Brookside on June 3, commemorating the birthday anniversary of Jefferson Davis. Mrs. J. B. Robinson, retiring President, was toastmistress. An interesting program of songs and readings was enjoyed. Mrs. A. Ross Hill gave a most interesting address on "Jefferson Davis," recalling that her grandparents,

the late Mr. and Mrs. T. M. James, were friends of President and Mrs. Davis and had exchanged visits upon several occasions. Mrs. Hugh Miller, Past President of the Kansas City Chapter, responded to a toast in her usual happy style. Gen. A. A. Pearson, State Commander, U. C. V., gave an account of the Tampa reunion. The new officers of the Chapter were introduced. Mrs. H. F. Anderson is the Chapter President. Other honor guests were the following State officers: Mrs. J. Roy Smith, State Historian; Mrs. H. B. Wright, Treasurer; Mrs. Allen L. Porter, CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press.

On Sunday, June 5, was held the annual meeting at the Confederate Home near Higginsville. The program was under the supervision and direction of Mrs. M. C. Duggins, General Chairman, Men and Women of the Sixties Committee. At eleven o'clock A.M. the Memorial Service was held at the cemetery, the march being led by the drum corps. A picnic luncheon was served at noon, and the afternoon session was held on the lawn of the Home under the large trees. This was the fourth time Mrs. Duggins has presided at the annual *Home Coming*. A splendid band from a neighboring town furnished inspiring music, which added much to the occasion. Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, State President, offered greetings and presented these State officers: Mrs. W. C. Hughes, Mrs. J. Leroy Smith, Mrs. H. B. Wright, and Mrs. Allen L. Porter. The musical numbers were very fine. The Hon. Ralph F. Lozier, of Carrollton, gave a splendid tribute to Jefferson Davis and the men who wore the gray. A local committee in charge of arrangements ably assisted on this occasion.

On Monday, June 20, the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Kansas City, held the last meeting of the season at the hospitable home of Mrs. Vernon C. Gardner. After luncheon was served, a business meeting and election of officers was held. Mrs. Arthur M. Allen was elected President.

* * *

Ohio.—The Daughters of the Ohio Division had to perform a double duty of love this year, when, on May 29 and June 4, they paid a tribute of respect to the many Confederate soldiers buried at Camp Chase, Columbus, and Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, with appropriate memorial services.

It does one's heart good to see the lovely tributes of flowers, palms, and Southern moss sent to the Columbus Chapter from loving friends in the Southern States. Every one of the 2,860 graves at Camp Chase has a flag and a floral decoration, if only a bit of gray moss, just to keep green the graves of "our dead." The monument was beautifully decorated with wreaths and flags.

On Sunday, May 29, a memorial service was held on Johnson's Island to honor the two hundred and seven officers of the Confederate army buried there. A Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy is under process of organizing and will soon be chartered. This little band of enthusiastic women arranged a program, and it was carried out most satisfactorily. About two hundred were present, including the Sandusky high school band, a troop of the Boy Scouts, who decorated the graves with flags and flowers; a number of the G. A. R. veterans from the Soldiers' Home at Sandusky, and a large number of Daughters and their friends. Chaplain McClean, of the Soldiers' Home, a Spanish War Veteran and also a World War Veteran, was the speaker of this occasion. The Division President, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, took this occasion to thank every one who had made it possible to have this memorial service. A very handsome wreath of bay leaves and flowers was sent from the soldiers at the Home in San-

dusky, and on one of the ribbons was this inscription: "From the Boys in Blue to the Boys in Gray." The Daughters also sent a lovely wreath, which was placed at the foot of the monument.

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, of Cleveland, gave as its offering twenty-four Scotch pines, three-year-old transplants, which had been planted earlier in the spring, to decorate the cemetery entrance. It is the intention of the Johnson Island Chapter to plant shrubs and hardy perennials every year, and make this one-time deserted spot "a beautiful garden of sleep."

After a firing squad of the old soldiers in blue had performed their military duty and taps had been sounded, we wended our way to the landing and were soon on our way over the bay to Sandusky, with our hearts full of thanks that we could honor our boys in gray who have suffered all and given all for a cause so dear to their hearts.

Recently the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter gave a birthday party in honor of their oldest member, Mrs. Melissa Riley, who was ninety years old on that day. At one o'clock the guests assembled in the dining room for lunch. The beautiful silver and some of the china was the same used by Mrs. Riley as a bride. Mrs. Riley was bright and animated and seemed to enjoy having her friends and receiving the cut flowers and potted plants which they brought her. Mrs. Riley's lovely home is furnished throughout with the mahogany furniture used by the family "before the war," some pieces having been in the family for several generations.

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West Virginia.—The sunlight falling on the hillside where Woodlawn Cemetery, at Fairmont, is located, made a beautiful picture as youth and age, represented by Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., and Mary Custis Lee Chapter, C. of C., and the few remaining veterans, commemorated the birthday of Jefferson Davis by scattering flowers and placing flags on the graves of the veterans of 1861-65.

Mrs. James E. Smith, the Chapter Historian, was in charge of the beautiful and impressive program, and Mrs. C. C. Hinkle, the Chapter President, conducted the services. Albert J. Kern, one of the city's prominent attorneys, made a short and beautiful address, paying tribute to the South and to the local Sons and Daughters who have passed beyond.

Memorial Day, June 3, was observed by William Stanley Haymond Chapter, of Fairmont, at the home of the President, decorated for the occasion. An impressive memorial service was held, conducted by the Chapter Chaplain, Mrs. C. O. Henry. A splendid feature was the reading of a paper on the life of Jefferson Davis by Mrs. Clarence Cook. Judge Haymond, for whom the Chapter is named, gave an entertaining talk, and another interesting speaker was Mr. A. M. King, an honored veteran.

A feature of special interest was the reading of the prize essay of Miss Eugene Troyer, Fairmont high school senior, who was awarded the sum of \$5 by the William Stanley Haymond Chapter for having written the best essay on the subject, "The South in American History Prior to 1850.

McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, was entertained on the evening of June 6 by two of the members, Mrs. William H. Barger and Miss Maria Vass Frye, at the home of Mrs. Barger, with a real "old fashioned party." The Confederate colors were used throughout in the decorations and refreshments. A varied program was carried out. The members more than enjoyed the evening and feel that it is a splendid way to get them all together and promote interest in the Chapter.

Virginia.—Richmond Chapter this year welcomes into the ranks of the Daughters of Confederacy a new Chapter, Richmond Junior. This child, which comes in with full consent and parental blessing, starts with a nucleus of seventeen members of the valued Grandchildren's Chapter, No. 1, Auxiliary to Richmond Chapter, now "grown old" in its service.

The Grandchildren's Chapter was organized April 12, 1912, under the direction of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Mrs. Samuel W. Williams, and Mrs. John G. Corley, and its first President was Miss Marian Spicer. The motto of the Chapter was: "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother." Both Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Corley "now rest from their labors," and it remains for Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. B. A. Blenner, who has faithfully served the Chapter as director, to steer the new craft into safe waters. The activities of the Chapter embraced nearly every feature of Confederate work, being particularly active in relief, history, and education, yet at all times ready to serve Richmond Chapter.

Although the Chapter has been in existence only a few months, it is very active, and on May 13 the members gave a large card party in the William Byrd Hotel, from which quite a substantial sum was realized. The Grandchildren's Chapter will reorganize on May 16, and quite an active and successful year is before them.

Mayo Memorial Home was ablaze with the Stars and Bars on the afternoon of April 29, when Richmond Chapter tendered its President, Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, a reception in honor of her seventy-ninth birthday. The officers of the Chapter received with Mrs. Randolph, and many called during the afternoon to bring greetings and felicitations. The event of the afternoon was the cutting of the huge birthday cake with its seventy-nine candles. The Cross of Service was presented Brig. Gen. William Wilson Sale, U. S. A.

Friday, June 3, was observed by Manassas Chapter, as Confederate Memorial Day, with exercises under the auspices of the Confederate Memorial Association, assisted by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. After the formal opening with the ritual of the U. D. C., twelve medals and prizes were bestowed, as follows:

Southern Cross of Honor.—Miss Katherine E. Bridewell, daughter of James E. Bridewell, C. S. A.; Dr. Walter A. Newman, son of Dr. George S. Newman, C. S. A.; Mrs. Anna M. Taylor, widow of Thomas Owen Taylor, C. S. A.; J. Lovell Willcoxon, grandson of Thomas W. Marders, C. S. A.

Cross of Service Bestowed on World War Veterans Who Are Lineal Descendants of Confederate Soldiers: Capt. Nathaniel McGregor Ewell, Color Sergt. Francis Norvell Larkin, Gordon L. Brown, and Eugene Davis.

Prizes for historical papers were awarded to Miss Irene Rexroad, of Manassas high school, and Miss Ruth Boteler, of Bennett school. A gold medal was also presented Rev. Westwood Hutchison, Commander of Ewell Camp, C. V., and a silver medal to Mrs. Westwood Hutchison, President of the Memorial Association. Features of the presentation were the speech of Camp Adjutant R. A. Rust and the pinning of the medal on the Camp Commander by little Mildred Suzanne Ryland, his granddaughter. The medal of Captain Ewell was pinned on by his little daughter, Louise Camper Ewell, and Rev. A. S. Gibson presented the Memorial Association medal to Mrs. Hutchison.

The chief event of the day was the address of Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., pastor of Brantly Baptist Church, of Baltimore. Following the exercises at the high school, the meeting was adjourned to the Confederate cemetery, where the graves of Confederate soldiers were strewn with flowers, and taps was sounded.

FRIENDSHIP'S TIES.

BY G. M. TRIPLETT.

TO THE ROBERT E. LEE CHAPTER, U. D. C., OF DENVER, COLO., AND THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Dear friends, adown life's rapid stream,
We glide as in a troubled dream;
Now, dark the scenes which we pass through,
Then, bright and beautiful to view.
As on some days the clouds the sun
Obscure and slow the hours run;
On other days, in splendor bright,
He cheers us with his gladsome light;
As you, with friendly word and smile
These fleeting, happy hours beguile.
And when, at last, we have to part
There is a sadness fills the heart;
A feeling that when next we meet
Some loving friend we may not greet.
But in each heart hope reigns supreme,
And paints for all this blissful dream—
We feel that in a brighter sphere
We'll meet again our lov'd ones dear;
And there, from care and sorrow free,
Will love through all eternity.

This poem was written by Mr. G. M. Triplett, a Confederate veteran, of Denver, Colo. Mr. Triplett served all through the War between the States, enlisting May, 1861, and serving until the end, June, 1865. He joined Company A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, under Col. J. P. McGoodwin, Princeton, Ky. He was captured in a raid near Hopkinsville, Ky., escaped, and returned to Missouri, then joined Price at Springfield.

MARKING THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.

Interesting ceremonies attended the dedication of markers placed where the Jefferson Davis Highway crosses the Mississippi-Louisiana line at the East Pearl River bridge, New Orleans. The dedication followed the opening address, which was made by Senator Carl Marshall, of Bay St. Louis, who paid tribute to the great Southern leader and the principles which were the animating spirit of the sixties. A large number of interested Southerners had gathered on the bridge for the occasion, and after the address witnessed the unveiling of the markers. That on the Louisiana side was first dedicated, and similar services were given for the Mississippi marker. These boulders marking that historic highway are handsome pieces of granite from Stone Mountain, each bearing a bronze plate with the name of State and highway.

Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Mississippi, State Director of the East and West Road of the Jefferson Davis Highway, presided as master of ceremonies, and in her presentation of the boulder for Mississippi, she said:

"This work of the U. D. C. is in no way designed to commemorate the fierce conflict between sovereign States comprising this great republic, but it was intended for the sole purpose of doing honor to the memory of that great American, Mississippi's most illustrious citizen, Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Southern Confederacy. Though Mr. Davis was born a Southerner, he was a national figure. This highway is not a neighborhood road, nor is it a section road; it is a national road."

HOTEL INFORMATION.

NATIONAL CONVENTION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, CHARLESTON, S. C., NOVEMBER 14-17.

National Headquarters—Francis Marion Hotel.

Sessions will be held on the twelfth floor.

The Francis Marion is Charleston's newest and finest hotel, opened in the spring of 1924, having 300 rooms, all with private bath, either tub or shower, and many combination baths, rooms single and *en suite*. For delegates to this convention, the following rates are given:

Rooms, single, with private bath, \$3.50 to \$5 per day.

Rooms with twin beds and private bath, \$6 to \$10 per day.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

U. D. C. Program for August.

VIRGINIA SECEDED APRIL 17, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Virginia was represented by the following citizens. In giving this list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for first and second congresses.

Senators.—Robert M. T. Hunter (1, 2.); William B. Preston (1); Allen T. Caperton (1, 2).

Representatives.—John W. Brockenbrough (P); W. R. Staples (P, 1, 2); Robert M. T. Hunter (P); William C. Rives (P, 2); James A. Seddon (P); William B. Preston (P); W. H. MacFarland (P); Charles W. Russell (P, 1, 2); Robert Johnson (P, 1, 2); Robert E. Scott (P); Walter Preston (P, 1); Thomas S. Bocock (P, 1, 2); James M. Mason (P); Roger A. Pryor (P, 1); Alex R. Boteler (P, 1); John Tyler (P); John R. Chamblis (1); James Lyons (1); John Goode, Jr. (1, 2); Daniel C. DeJarnette (1, 2); William Smith (1); Albert G. Jenkins (1); James P. Holcombe (1); John B. Baldwin (1, 2); Charles F. Collier (1); Samuel A. Miller (1, 2); David Funston (1, 2); M. R. H. Garnett (1); Robert L. Montague (2); Robert L. Whitfield (2); Thomas S. Gohlson (2); Fayette McMullen (2); Frederick W. M. Holliday (2); William C. Wickham (2).

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST.

Locate New Orleans. Describe capture of the city May 1, 1862. Tell something of the efforts of the Confederates to construct ironclads.

Read "Left Behind," by Howard Weedon. Library of Southern Literature, Volume XIII, 5726.

C. OF C. CATECHISM.

Where and when was the first shot fired in the War between the States?

At Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., April 12, 1861.

Where did the last fight occur?

At Palmetto Ranch, near Brownsville, Tex., May 13, 1865, between a Confederate force of three hundred, under Gen.

James E. Slaughter, and a Federal force of five hundred, commanded by Col. T. F. Burnett.

Who was commander in chief of the Confederate forces?

Gen. Robert E. Lee, best beloved and honored of all generals.

Where was the first battle fought?

At Manassas, Va., July 21, 1861, and it was a great victory for the Confederate army.

Which are generally conceded to be the three most noted battles of the War between the States?

Shiloh, Gettysburg, and Chickamauga.

What is considered by historians as the decisive battle of the war?

Gettysburg.

Why?

Because it was conclusive evidence to an unbiased mind that the Federal supplies and forces greatly outnumbered and outweighed the Confederate forces.

How many were enrolled in the Federal or Northern army?

Two million, seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand three hundred and four (2,778,304).

What number were enrolled in the Confederate army?

Six hundred thousand (600,000).

How many more men were in the Northern army?

More than three times as many as the South had in the field.

How many years did the war last?

Four years, and there is no record, in all the world's history of an army that endured more privations with greater fortitude or fought more bravely than the soldiers of the Confederacy.

EDUCATIONAL PHOTOFILMS.

As the representative of Southern organizations in consultation with the Yale University Press on the production of their historical photofilms, it is gratifying to hear favorable reports about the showing of the fifteen pictures already finished.

Florida has had a number of showings, in one case, at least, of all the completed films. Mrs. Franklin L. Ezell, in her address before the Executive Board of the Florida Division, made the following recommendation: "Use your influence to arouse interest in the showing of the educational and historical pictures known as the Chronicles of America Photoplays, organized and owned by the Yale University Press Film Service, in other words, the Extension Division of the Yale University; your President urges you to write to Mr. J. Irving Greene, Director of Distribution, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y."

More recently, Mrs. G. W. Mack, of Gonzales, Tex., wrote the Director of the Film Service that the door receipts in the showing of "Dixie" alone amounted to \$125; so herein lies a great source of potential profit to be had for swelling Chapter funds as well as in supplying instruction and entertainment for the community. The *Gonzales Enquirer* made an extended and highly complimentary report on the film, the music, and the local features under the double title:

"WAR-TIME FEATURE AT CRYSTAL DELIGHTS

LARGE AUDIENCE

SPECIAL HOME TALENT PROGRAM CONTRIBUTES MUCH SUCCESS TO AFFAIR."

U. D. C. Chapters can profitably do likewise all over the South, so that the total revenue from this one form of entertainment may well run into thousands of dollars.

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
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MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
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MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



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WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, Editor, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

INTERESTS OF THE C. S. M. A.

My Dear Coworkers: Our hearts, with those of the whole people of our country, have gone out in deepest sympathy to the sufferers from the flood-devastated regions of Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana in their danger and distress. Helpless to do ought but stand and pray, daily has the burden of their desolation and misery under the awful conditions in many places been a source of deepest anxiety and concern. That the scene of desolation and its attendant dangers may soon pass is our daily petition. Many of our C. S. M. A. have been in the flooded district, but we have happily heard of no other than the great financial losses and discomforts attendant upon the situation. Truly, sorrow and misfortune make the whole world akin, and the cordial, ready response of assistance from every point of the compass has been too great for mere words to express in appreciation.

The many friends of our beloved Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy Hodgson, will be rejoiced to know that at her home in New Orleans she escaped all the terrors of the flood, and was, as she ever is, in the foremost ranks of the busy workers, lending aid wherever need was found.

THE 1928 REUNION.

That Little Rock has set the date for the 1928 reunion for May 8-11 will be of pleasurable interest to all, and while the time seems far off, still there is wisdom in preparation, and you are urged to begin your plans at the first meeting in the fall.

Little Rock has wisely chosen as General Chairman of the Reunion Committee Col. E. R. Wiles, whose large experience in the affairs of the S. C. V. eminently fits him for leadership in carrying out the big plans, which the occasion demands of high ideals of the chivalry of the Old South. Approachable and dependable, every phase of the great gathering will be taken care of.

A MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION IN LITTLE ROCK.

A Memorial Association is being formed in Little Rock, with the Second Vice President General, Miss Sue H. Walker, and Mrs. Garside Welch, of Fayetteville, also our Treasurer General, Mrs. J. T. Hight, who will assist as official hostess to the C. S. M. A. convention, and plans to include the assistance of the local U. D. C., D. A. R., and Daughters of 1812. The fame of the hospitality of Little Rock is widely known and appreciated, and already big plans are made for an outstanding reunion and convention.

ILLNESS IN THE OFFICIAL FAMILY.

The many friends of our Historian General, Miss Mildred Rutherford, will regret to learn of her serious illness the past month and will rejoice at her improved condition, with the hope and prayer for her speedy restoration to health. No one woman in the South is more beloved and more honored than she, and her temporary absence from the ranks of active Southern women is already felt and regretted, for no woman has given so loyally and generously of time, labor, or means to the collection and preservation of the true history and ante-bellum traditions of our Southland than she.

Mrs. C. B. Bryan, our loved and honored First Vice President General, has been among the absentees at all the gatherings during the past season on account of illness, and her recovery is eagerly anticipated, not only by the C. S. M. A., but by every patriotic organization, where she is ever an outstanding and loyal member. She is loved and honored not only for her own true worth and charm, but doubly honored as the daughter of the South's indomitable hero of the Southern navy, Admiral Raphael Semmes.

Mrs. Earnest Walworth, of Memphis, Chairman of the Gold Bar of Honor for Southern Mothers, is another of our official family among those missed on account of illness. Typically Southern, with all the devotion and ardor for the cause so dear to our hearts, she is a type all too few at the present day. We hope that ere long she will be among her friends again, the same inspiring, energetic spirit as of yore.

With every good wish for a restful summer,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General.*

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Memorial Day, June 3, was observed in Manassas, Va., under the auspices of the Confederate Memorial Association, assisted by Manassas Chapter, U. D. C. The address was delivered by Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., Chaplain General, U. C. V., Baltimore, Md. An event of much interest was the presentation of a gold star medal to Rev. Westwood Hutchison, Commander of Ewell Camp, C. V., his little granddaughter, Mildred Suzanne Ryland, pinning on the medal.

Mrs. Westwood Hutchison, President of the Confederate Memorial Association, was also presented with a silver Memorial Association medal. After the close of the program, rendered at the high school, the meeting was adjourned to the

Confederate Cemetery, where the flag-marked graves were strewn with flowers, wreaths placed on the Confederate monument, and taps sounded by a bugler of Swovely School.

MEMORIAL DAY AT POINT LOOKOUT, MD.

BY MARY LOUISE JOHNSON, FREDERICK, MD., PAST STATE HISTORIAN, MARYLAND DIVISION, U. D. C.

To a native son or daughter, St. Mary's County, Md., is rich with visions of those hardy pioneers who braved the ocean and unknown dangers of a new world, those pilgrims of the ark and the dove who came to plant the cross and the colony of Lord Baltimore, in 1634, on the shores of the Chesapeake. Other memories there are of other heroes, those of the South, who spent weeks and months, perhaps years, in the old Federal prison of Point Lookout during the War between the States. The monument first placed to mark the prison site and the spot where so many died, was found to be badly disintegrating because of the swamp land upon which the prison had been located and was replaced some years ago when the Federal government had the bodies of many of those who suffered and died here removed to a higher spot near by and a dignified, suitable monument erected, which bears the names of the many hundreds who here made the supreme sacrifice. The grounds are guarded by stately evergreens, while the soft winds from the Chesapeake and the Potomac intermingle in a soothing requiem for those who sleep.

It was my pleasure to visit this place on May 30, 1927. Three of the four in our party had loved ones who suffered here, and we filled our arms with fragrant white honeysuckle and roses red to place upon this isolated altar.

When we reached the spot, reverently we paused. A little group of schoolboys and girls, under the leadership of their splendid teacher, Scotland School No. 1, St. Mary's County, was conducting as impressive a service as it has been my lot to witness. I wish I might bring vividly to your mind's eye the picture of this stately shaft, encompassed beyond its well-kept grounds by dense woods of gum trees and long-needed pines, redolent with laurel blossoms and honeysuckle, and this little band, so far away from all pomp and splendor, singing,

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

with perhaps a brilliant "cardinal" for bugler and myriads of songbirds for accompanists. With trained precision they stood and in unison repeated Sir Walter Scott's inspiring words:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land?"

In military order, these children advanced and planted the Stars and Stripes at the base of the monument, and their little bunches of flowers formed a wreath in loving memory of those who sleep there. The young soldiers then "lined up" and stood at "attention" and repeated the oath of allegiance to the flag, which they left to guard this sacred, peaceful spot.

So unostentatious, yet withal so reverent, was this little ceremony that I fancied there might be some one far away with a loved one lying here who might be glad to know of this loving service.

CHAPMAN MAUPIN.

Chapman Maupin, born in April, 1846, in Richmond, Va., Christian, soldier, scholar, whose harmoniously blended character exemplified the qualities that make for the glory of God and the advancement and uplift of those with whom he came in contact.

The following incident illustrates the "gentleman unafraid." Going over war maps in a tent of Gen. Edward Johnson, with other members of the staff on duty just prior to the battle of Mine Run, some untoward outside happening so disconcerted the General that, with unbridled passion, he gave expression to unseemly utterance. Mr. Maupin, amid a petrified silence, sprang erect and said: "General, I protest your right to use such language." His commanding officer's eyes flashed upon the young second lieutenant. There was an ominous silence. He then drew himself up, and said: "My lad, you are in the right. I apologize."

The accompanying sketch contains a brief but complete account of Lieutenant Maupin's career as a soldier, prepared by his own hand:

"I went to Manassas, July 21, 1861, but not having a piece of red flannel on my arm, was not allowed to enter the battle next day and was sent home as under age. The following year, early in July, I entered the Rockbridge Artillery, Stonewall Brigade, as a reenlisted volunteer. I was in the battle of Cedar Mountain all four days, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, and Antietam. At my father's request, I was ordered home by Captain Poague, but reenlisted the following summer (1863), immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, in the 9th Virginia Cavalry, Westmoreland troops. On September 24, following, I was made a second lieutenant of the First Engineer troops, Stonewall Division, and was soon after assigned to staff duty with General Edward Johnson, acting as aide-de-camp at the battle of Mine Run. Upon reorganization of the 1st Regiment of Engineer Troops, I joined with it at Richmond and served till the end of the war, mostly at Petersburg, where I constructed a line on the Jerusalem Plank Road. I became adjutant of the regiment. In action at High Bridge, my horse was shot under me and another on the field at Appomattox when about to charge Sheridan's cavalry. Before the charge was made, we were notified of the flag of truce. I returned home in my nineteenth year, honorably discharged from the Confederate States army, April 10, 1865 at Appomattox Courthouse, Va."

[Sally Washington Maupin, Fourth Vice President, Maryland Division, U. D. C.]

POEMS.

(To Joyce Kilmer.)

A poem is a thing to me
As living as a leafy tree.

It stands through centuries of time
With oaken roots of faultless rhyme,

And, like the snow-clad evergreen,
Its verdant soul is ever seen.

A poem is effective still
As any tree-clad, distant hill.

God gave us trees that we might see
His way of making poetry—

He planned that both should always be
A beauteous thing for man to see.

—Charles Blevins Davis.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

ACTIVITIES OF THE S. C. V.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD LITIGATION ENDED.

By decree in the circuit court of Arlington County, Va., July 1, 1927, the litigation over the constitutionality of a statute of Virginia involving the control of the organization of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park was ended by consent of all the litigants. The suit had gone by appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and a technical point involving the form of a decree in the State court had sent it back to the trial court; and from the trial court it had started back to the Supreme Court.

In 1921, the Confederate organization incorporated under what is known as the nonstock laws of Virginia, for the chief purposes of buying the lands where were fought the battles of Manassas, often known as Bull Run, and operating thereon an educational and charitable work, for which the charter clearly provides. The charter provides that there shall be no commercial profit to anyone, and throws around the board of trust most ample protection. In the interest of efficiency, as those who effected the organization believe, the charter provides for a board of directors or trustees and empowers it to control the property under the supervision of the finance board and the Corporation Commission of Virginia, and as a means to that end to exercise the corporate vote. Strict requirements for membership on this board are provided. Then the charter provides that the needed lands shall be acquired by money to be obtained by gifts from those in sympathy with its work, and that those who donate such money shall become, by reason of the gifts, respectively, honorary members. Then the charter clearly provides that the use to which the land shall be put shall be educational and charitable; and that the organization may serve as trustee for the perpetual care of monuments that either the Blue or the Gray may desire and be permitted to build upon those fields; with the clear further provision that the whole shall preeminently stand as a Confederate symbol. The charter thus proposes the corner stone of a great educational, historical, and charitable organization, to be maintained by absolute rights, just as to any college, in the interest of broader Americanism through a fuller and more truthful story of the South's contribution to government and history. This great project, much more than the Gettysburg of the South, is by the charter placed in the hands of Sons of Confederate Veterans, the general organiza-

tion of which is its great patron and sponsor, in coöperation with the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the United Confederate Veterans.

Feeling that the charter, as granted through the Corporation Commission in the light of the law as it then existed, is as much an object of their trust as is the money contributed, the board of directors brought suit to have the law held unconstitutional and ineffective. After two years of litigation, the suit has been withdrawn and abandoned, leaving the organization as it existed in full control. The directors of the park invite coöperation and continued support and good will of all.

COMMANDER LOWRY APPOINTS STAFF OFFICERS.

Commander Sumter L. Lowry announces the appointment of the following members of his official staff:

Inspector in Chief, John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.; Judge Advocate in Chief, Robert M. Beattie, Memphis, Tenn.; Quartermaster in Chief, W. D. Jackson, Little Rock, Ark.; Commissary in Chief, Y. R. Beasley, Tampa, Fla.; Surgeon in Chief, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing (elected), Washington, D. C.; Chaplain in Chief, Rt. Rev. John Durham Wing, Winter Park, Fla.

Appointment of additional members of Commander Lowry's staff will be made at a later date.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

The convention of the Oklahoma Division, S. C. V., was held in Oklahoma City, June 10, 1927.

L. A. Morton, Division Commander, of Duncan, Okla., presided, and John H. Robertson, Oklahoma City, Acting Division Adjutant.

Department Commander, Edmond R. Wiles, of Little Rock, Ark., was present and delivered a very instructive and interesting address, which was greatly appreciated.

Officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows:

Division Commander, E. Riddle, Oklahoma City; Lieutenant Commander, A. G. Eakins, Shawnee; Adjutant, A. C. Farley, Oklahoma City; Quartermaster, Joe H. Ford, Waggoner; Judge Advocate, W. S. Livingston, Seminole; Inspector, R. C. Young, Duncan; Commissary, Fred Luginbyhl, Chicka-

sha; Historian, L. A. Morton, Duncan; Surgeon, Dr. M. M. Turlington, Seminole; Color Sergeant, Count Dunaway, Shawnee; Chaplain, Rev. S. B. Boothe, Oklahoma City.

The Division Commander, was authorized to appoint five Brigade Commanders.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN.

On History, Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City; on Legislation, Gomer Smith, Oklahoma City; on Resolutions, Count Dunaway, Shawnee; on Memorial, Maj. B. J. Marshall, Oklahoma City.

A MOLDER OF MEN.

BY ANNIE P. MOSES.

Long shadow fingers reached across the campus
And waved a welcome to the homesick son;
But there beyond the portals of the college
He knew was Lee, whom mightier were none.

How could he face the hero of the battle,
Whose eyes would still be misty with the sight
Of dying men; and pain. Brave Lee, whose edict
Meant life or death, Lee, greater than the fight.

The mighty Lee astride the noble Traveller,
Who led the ranks of gray through days hard fought,
A picture painted on all hearts forever,
Lee, greater than the victory he had sought.

The noble Lee who, when the dark days deepened,
To save his comrades' lives had called retreat,
Bade God-speed to the ragged, foot-sore remnant,
Gave them his blessing—Lee, greater than defeat!

And, rising from the ashes of the conflict,
Had patiently begun to shape the stone
To build a bulwark for his own loved Southland,
A wall of cultured manhood for its own.

With quaking heart the boy sought out the master,
Felt the warm pressure of that guiding hand;
Gone was his awe, for sure none could fear him,
This gentle, quiet hero of the land.

Ah, great it is to lead a mighty army,
But greater still to show our sons the way;
Partners with God in building mighty manhood
Lee, Molder of Men, his name shall live for aye.

Several years ago, at one of the anniversary meetings, in honor of Robert E. Lee, the speaker of the evening was Thomas Nelson Page, who told of how, as a boy, a student just entering Washington and Lee University, he felt such awe, such fear to stand before this wonderful man. Then, when he did stand before him, and Lee extended his hand in greeting with such overwhelming friendliness, the awe left him and he never felt it again. Of course, the admiration grew from that time into almost idolatry. So out of this I have tried to make a poem, a living, moving, and glowing one of his wonderful work as an instructor, educator, leader in peace as in war, greater in defeat than as conqueror on any battle field. His record as a soldier has been taken care of by loved ones, great admirers all over the world—England, France, Germany, even; but his life as a molder of men has, to my mind, been in a way overlooked.

A FAREWELL.

BY W. J. COURTNEY, LONG BEACH, CALIF.

I have been living out here in Long Beach, a city of about one hundred and fifty thousand population, on the extreme western border of Southern California, for about ten years. I was born in Liberty, Clay County, Mo., in 1843, and am now eighty-four years of age, up and a-going, well and hearty; but I realize that I am old and will soon pass away.

I was a bit of a lad when the War between the States broke out, but I soon enlisted in the Confederate service, in Gen. Sterling Price's army, Shelby's Brigade, Shanks's Regiment, Company B, and served until the close of the war, surrendering at Shreveport, La., in June, 1865.

I am writing this communication to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN because it may be the last opportunity that I shall ever have to express my love and admiration to the few remaining gallant and brave soldiers who wore the Confederate gray and fought during that bloody war. I wish also to be remembered by all the people of the South. I am proud of you and love you with all my heart.

I hardly know yet whether I have ever been fully reconstructed or not. I do not believe I have, when I come to think of how hard we tried to keep out of war with the North, to be let alone and to attend to our own affairs; but it was forced upon us. We had to defend our homes, our property, our rights, and the women and children of the South. The Yankee armies, with their millions of blue coats, overran the South, killed, burned, and destroyed everything of value they could find. We had to fight, and I have no apologies to make. I believed we were right in what we did, and I would do the same thing again under the same circumstances. The Confederate soldier is as loyal to this nation as any Northern soldier. That has been proved by the late wars. We worked and made our own living, and we never drew a cent of pension from the government either. A great wrong was done the South during Reconstruction days, and she feels it yet.

For seven years after the war, before I was allowed to cast a vote for anything, although I was qualified by age and citizenship, the registrar held that I was disloyal, and I was denied the right in all those many years just because I was a Confederate soldier.

I am just about all in. I figured when I came out to California that I would have enough money left to put me over and give me a decent burying, but in this delightful climate, with so much sunshine, fruits, and flowers, I believe I am going to live too long, and that my money will run out. That distresses me greatly, yet we are told that the ravens fed Elijah, and that gives me hope, which means prayer that I will be taken care of by some good angel.

God will bless the Confederate veteran and the dear people of the Southland. Peacefully, quietly, passing away, remember me as your comrade and true friend.

325 West Third Street, Long Beach, Calif.

"'Neath starry daisies in the grassy pall,
With which impartial nature covers all,
'Dust to dust'—but deeds heroic as theirs
Mount to the zenith of crystal fame
Sking their native land;
Mount and shine there, effulgent stars,
To point the path of glory to the sky."

THE MEN WHO FOLLOWED LEE.

BY C. W. HUDSON, BRUINGTON, VA.

From the cotton and the corn fields,
 From the mountains to the sea,
 At the battle cry of freedom,
 Came the men who followed Lee.

How they starved and fought and suffered,
 In their effort to be free,
 Many a bloody field bears witness
 To the men who followed Lee.

Well they bore the Flag of Glory
 Through defeat and victory;
 And their children tell the story
 Of the men who followed Lee.

But now taps is gently sounding,
 And soon asleep will be
 All the heroes of the Southland—
 The brave men who followed Lee.

But they'll waken in the morning,
 At the Angel's Reveille,
 And stand with him in glory—
 All the men who followed Lee.

WITH RODES IN BATTLE.

BY DR. J. S. DOWNS, CORPORAL COMPANY F, 45TH NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT, DANIEL'S BRIGADE, RODES'S DIVISION.

In the March number of the *VETERAN* was an article by Capt. P. J. White, of Richmond, Va., wherein he expressed profound regret that Gen. Robert E. Rodes, of Virginia, has not been given a place among the illustrious dead on what is destined to be the world's greatest memorial, Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Ga.

I was with General Rodes in the memorable battle of Seven Pines, in June of 1862. Daniel's Brigade was east and south, near Janes River; about dark, we received orders to go to Richmond. We marched all night, arriving at Seven Pines about noon. In the charge in the morning, our army was repulsed. We were placed in line to fill up a gap, with the 14th Virginia Regiment on our left. General Jackson got around McClellan's flank, and we charged and drove the Federals back.

I was with Rodes in the Valley of Virginia, under Stonewall Jackson, in the spring of 1863. Jackson drove three armies across the river and joined Lee at Chancellorsville, with General Rodes in the flank of Hooker's great army. General Rodes made the attack and drove the enemy until nine o'clock that night, when Jackson halted Rodes's men and ordered A. P. Hill to the front, and thus relieved Rodes. It was in this battle that, through a mistake, the bullets of the Confederates were turned upon their own troops and Stonewall Jackson was wounded.

I was with Rodes at Fredericksburg; went with him to Gettysburg; was wounded the evening of the 3rd day of July, 1863, just as the long, hard-fought battle was over. I was with him at the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor. We went with General Early; drove Hunter back through the Valley campaign in 1864.

General Rodes was not only a brave and fearless soldier, he was more. Like the great commander, Robert E. Lee, when we were in the enemy's land, he would allow no pilfering, no

mistreatment of women and children; his men never broke ranks until a guard was placed at every house that could be seen from the camp. He was loved not only by his own men, but by all who knew him.

I heartily agree with Capt. White that no man in the Confederacy is more deserving of the great honor of having his name and features carved upon this great memorial mountain than Gen. Robert E. Rodes.

"THE WORLD'S WINGS."

(From a review by Mrs. Mary C. Chesley, of Col. W. Jefferson Davis's book, "The World's Wings.")

Civilization owes its progress to the intelligent thinkers who have been able to look forward in their dreaming and then to help make those dreams come true. What human being has not at some period of his existence longed to fly through the air! And it was a patriotic American who first made his dream of flying come true.

It is another American, Col. Jefferson Davis, and one of our own Southerners, who has recently given us a masterly accomplishment in a book that every American should read.

He was liaison officer of the Air Service; he was intimately associated with the American Air Forces; he has been the War Department Legal Adviser in Europe, and represented the United States officially at the Prague International Aviation Congress, 1922, which considered the legal aspects of international air laws. Therefore, he is eminently fitted to handle the subject of aviation and to sound the note of warning to awaken America to what other nations are doing "in the air."

Colonel Davis is a Virginian by birth, a Californian by adoption, and a relative of our own beloved Jefferson Davis. As a Southerner and American, we are proud to claim him, and to recommend "The World's Wings" to all patriotic citizens. The first American ace, Douglas Campbell, was a Californian. The foremost American ace, Capt. Eddie Rickenbacher, is also a Californian. It has remained for a Southerner, now living in California, to present for the first time a national air program for this country, and it is done with such masterly handling, directness of appeal, and with such broad vision that it should receive consideration.

"The World's Wings" is a most comprehensive and patriotic presentation of the effectiveness and usefulness of the airplane, which is so essential to our national defense. "The World's Wings" will interest and entertain you! It will grip and hold you! It will make you think!

ANOTHER SURVIVOR OF THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.—Dr. T. C. Sexton, of Fremont, Nebr., responds to the inquiry in the *VETERAN* for July for any survivors of the old Stonewall Brigade, saying: "I was a member of Company D, 4th Virginia Infantry, and followed Jackson up to the battle of Chancellorsville, May, 1863, where I was wounded and incapacitated for further field service. My company was organized at Marion, Va. I came to Nebraska in 1868; am now in my eighty-fourth year, and the last surviving member of the company, so far as known."

FIGHTING ABOUT WINTON, N. C.—Who knows of any engagements about Winton, N. C., or Poltecas Creek, during the War between the States? Any information on that line will be appreciated.

NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Stories of the heroism and self-sacrifice of women of the Old North State. Verses by literary women of the sixties in North Carolina. Rolls of Honor, North Carolina mothers of many sons. Early Memorial Societies, First Flags, etc.

Written and Published by MRS. JOHN H. ANDERSON, Fayetteville, N. C.

Price, \$1.50, postpaid

The Alabama State Department of Archives and History, Montgomery, Ala., requests that anyone having muster rolls, rosters, flags, or other records of Alabama soldiers will send them in to that department, which does the research work for proof of service for the Alabama Pension Commission and needs all such rosters and rolls that are now in private hands for this purpose.

Mrs. John W. Scott, 321 West Hickory Street, Denton, Tex., is anxious to secure the Confederate record of her grandfather, Flavius Josephus Penn, of Gibson County, Tenn., who is thought to have served under a Captain Gay. He went to Texas after the war and married Miss Jennie Turner, also a Tennessean, and who was a niece of the Harper brothers who served with the 12th Consolidated Tennessee Infantry. Josephus Penn was a son of Abraham Clark Penn, and his connections all lived in and around Gibson County, Tenn.

Mrs. J. H. Kimbrough, Lowndesboro, Ala., would like to hear from any comrade or relative of her father, Capt. Robert Powell Bledsoe, who volunteered at Pleasant Hill or Independence, Mo., and was with Maj. A. G. Anderson, Brig. Gen. F. M. Cockrell's Missouri Brigade.

Dacis B. Cecil, of Everton, Ark., wishes to get in communication with some one who knew George W. Ashby, who went from Lincoln County, Tenn., to Arkansas. His widow wishes to make application for a pension and needs information on his service as a Confederate soldier.

Davis Biggs, of Jefferson, Tex., asks for information on the service of A. D. Hendrix, who enlisted at Florence, Ala., in August, 1864, in Company F, 4th Alabama Cavalry; was captured at Huntsville, Ala., in December of that year, and confined at Camp Chase, Ohio, until June 13, 1865, when he was released. Anyone who remembers him will please write to Comrade Biggs.

Miss C. Louise Banton, 27 The Prado, Atlanta, Ga., wishes to learn at what military school in Virginia her father, William H. Banton, and his brother Richard were educated; this was some four years previous to the War between the States. William H. Banton was elected 2nd lieutenant of the 4th Virginia Heavy Artillery in August, 1861. His grandparents were from Buckingham, Va. After the war he married and became a successful business man in Philadelphia.

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time, and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" asks Pat.

"The Germans," replies Mick.

"How many are there?"

"About fifty thousand."

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"—*Canadian American*.

An old negro went to the office of the Commissioner of Registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry tree?"

"No, sah; I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh onto a year."—*Watertown Standard*.

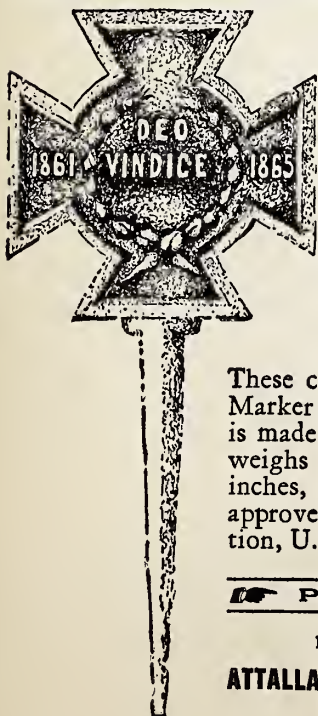
As a ship was entering the harbor of Athens a well-dressed young woman passenger approached the captain and, pointing to the distant hills, inquired:

"What is that white on the hills, captain?"

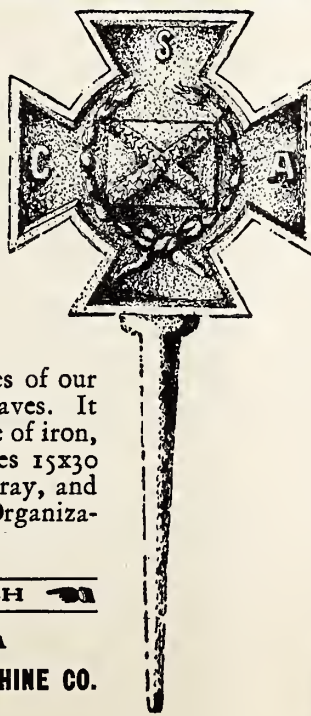
"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.

"Well," remarked the woman, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."—*Chicago Herald*.

WANTED.—Copies of Dr. Wyeth's "Life of Forrest." Anyone having a copy for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.



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We
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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